Camp
1896

# The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. XII. QU'APPELLE STATION, N. W. T., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1896. No. 12.

NEW YEAR CARDS...

AND...

BOOKLETS.

A fine line of...

BOOKS..

For boys and girls

Toy Picture-Books

(A large assortment)

PHOTO FRAMES

And numerous other articles suitable for Christmas Gifts . . .

A few Chinese Lily bulbs left; only 10c each.

AT

J. A. Unsworth & Co.'s

DRUG STORE,

QU'APPELLE STATION, N.W.T.

S. H. Caswell & Co.,

BANKERS,

Financial and Insurance Agents

COLLECTIONS SOLICITED—RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

Five Per Cent. Interest Allowed on Deposit Accounts.

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MOLSON'S BANK, Winnipeg.
MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA, Toronto.

*Cheques and Drafts for all parts of the World Bought and Sold.*

Qu'Appelle Station - - Ass

NEW MEAT MARKET



GEO. AMBLER

Has commenced his Meat Market

Beef by the Pound or Quarter, 4½ cents.

Quality unsurpassed. Give me a call—money or no money. Prices to suit the times. Also, a Fine Lot of Boots & Shoes. Trunks, Valises, Mitts, Gloves, Etc., going cheap. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR CATTLE. Cod Oil.

There's Nothing Like Leather:

I have just received a consignment of

SHOE LEATHER, SOLE LEATHER, HARNESS LEATHER, HOG FRINGES, LEATHER FOR BELT LACING, HORSE HAIR, AWL KNIVES, Etc. In fact, everything required in the leather line. Repairing done neatly, cheaply and expeditiously. Don't let leather head in giving me a call. Those parties who owe me will please call and settle. Yours for leather, G. M. BALDEY, Pacific Ave., Qu'Appelle.

Dressmaking

THE undersigned is prepared to do dressmaking at her home, or will go out sewing by the day. Please give me a trial.

3-tf MISS C. HARDY, Qu'Appelle Sta

REMOVED.

I HAVE REMOVED to the old Malaken store where I shall be pleased to meet old customers and all new ones who may favor me with their custom. I have a new and fine stock, consisting in part as follows: BEST SUGARS, and Groceries of all kinds, FRUIT (green, canned and dried), Butter, Eggs, and a variety of Vegetables. Give me a call. MRS. S. AMBLER.

STRAYED.

FROM ROSE HILL, QU'APPELLE Station, about the first of Oct., two horses. One a bay colt coming 2 year old, small white star on forehead, white hind foot; the other a chestnut, white stripe on face, grey patch on off hip. Any one giving information leading to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

J. P. CREMER, V.S.,
8-1m Qu'Appelle Station.

Live Hogs Wanted

FOR prices and particulars apply at once to R. JOHNSTON,
3-tf Qu'Appelle Station.

A. HOLLINGSHEAD,

*House, Sign and Carriage Painter.*

Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Kalsomining

ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

QU'APPELLE STATION and INDIAN HEAD.

A REDUCTION...

In the price of O. & Q. L. Co. lands by payment in shares, the par value of which is $40, the present purchasing price of which is about 70c on the dollar, making each share par value. Loans can be had for the purpose of paying for the larger portion of these shares at 8 per cent. Apply early as these lands are being purchased on the market.

J. DOOLITTLE,

ALSO AGENT

Appraiser for the North of Scotland Loan and Mortgage Company . . . . . .

MacCaul & Harvey

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS.

Dealers in every description of PINE, DOUGLAS FIR, SPRUCE AND MOUNTAIN FIR

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATH, SASH, DOORS, AND all other building material, and Bla Kamoth Coal.

N.B.—We buy for cash. Our prices cannot be beaten. Get our quotations before purchasing elsewhere.

H. BRAY,

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER

QU'APPELLE STREET,

QU'APPELLE STATION.

DRESSED PORK AND POULTRY BOUGHT AND SOLD.

CUSTOM SOLICITED

NEW STOCK

—OF—

FURNITURE

Lounges, Chairs, Window Shades, Etc.,

Have begun to arrive.

CALL AND SEE US.

FULL STOCK OF

OATMEAL

OGILVIES' AND FORT QU'APPELLE

FLOUR

Oats, Bran, Etc.

G. H. V. BULYEA

S. H. COLLINS,

*Boot and Shoe Maker*

Qu'Appelle Street,

QU'APPELLE STATION, - - ASSA.

Repairing done on short notice.

C. GABBIT,

AGENT FOR

NEW SINGER VIBRATOR SEWING MACHINE.

Sewing Machine and Gun Oil. Watch maker and Jeweler. Sewing Machines and Guns repaired on shortest notice. Qu'Appelle Station Assa.

G. E. SHAW. T. COWAN

SHAW & COWAN,

*Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers*

Horseshoeing and all repairing done on shortest notice. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

QU'APPELLE STATION, Assa.

Chop! Chop! Chop!

AT THE OLD STAND NEAR THE Mill, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Graham flour a specialty.

E. C. BOYCE.
8-4m.

## LEGAL.

A. D. DICKSON, Barrister, Advocate, Solicitor, etc
Office, first door south of the Queen's Hotel, Qu'Appelle St.

WM. SMITH, Advocate, Notary Public, Collections and Real Estate Agent.
INDIAN HEAD, Assa.
Office—Northeast room over A. J. Osment's store.

## MEDICAL.

DR. C. E. CARTHEW, Qu'Appelle, Physician, Surgeon, Coroner, Etc. Graduate Toronto University and Licentiate College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.

W. HENDERSON, M.D.C.M., Qu'Appelle Station. Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.

## MUSIC.

VERNON BARFORD, Qu'Appelle Station (late organist St. Edmund Hall, Oxford), is prepared to give lessons on the pianoforte and Organ. Terms on application. 48-tf

QU'APPELLE VALLEY

*FLOUR : MILLS,*

(Established 1884),

FORT QU'APPELLE.

GRISTING

HUNGARIAN PATENT, STRONG BAKERS, GRAHAM } FLOUR

BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP, CRACKED WHEAT.

*Chopper for Grinding Feed Stuffs.*

Full supply always on hand at BULYEA'S Store, Qu'Appelle Station.

*Support Local Industry.*

JOYNER & ELKINGTON,

PROPRIETORS.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Scott & Johnston,

(Successors to W. H. Bell.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Butchers

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, AND POULTRY.

*Fresh Lake Superior Herrings.*

Main St., Qu'Appelle Station, Assa

Merchant Tailors

IF YOU WANT A GOOD FITTING SUIT OF CLOTHES, CALL ON . . .

J. H. Brethauer & Co.,

Who have got

THE BEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE

Samples on the market.

Prices Right. Give Us a Call.

## NOTICE.

ANY person cutting or taking wood of any description from the lands owned by the under igned will be prosecuted.

T. H. and A. H. SYKES.
Edgerly Farm, Dec. 28 1896.
12-15

## ASTRAY.

ONE Year old Steer came into my herd. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

MAT. BRENNAN,
9-11 Blackwood, Assa.

## WANTED

A PARTNER with a small capital to push a good paying business, or will sell out a good share cheap. For further particulars apply to this office. 1-tf

## DISSOLUTION.

THE partnership hitherto existing between Scott & Johnston, butchers, Qu'Appelle, will be dissolved on Jan. 1st, 1897. All accounts owing to said firm must be settled by that time.

Qu'Appelle, Dec. 17, 1896. 10

## BOARS FOR SERVICE

TWO BOARS, one a registered Tamworth and the other a pure bred Chester White. $1 cash, time of service.

JOHN TATE.
9-12-p Range 15-19-36.

WASHORN'S GUIDE & POCKET DIRECTORY FOR 1897. Out Aug 15th 50c July

### The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an electro plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made $13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, JENNETTE S.

—THE—

Qu'Appelle : Progress

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At the Printing Office, Qu'Appelle Station Assa., N.W.T., Canada.

Subscription Price $1 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid

S. T. SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business cards as per arrangement according to space.

Transient Ads., such as Legal Notices, By-Laws, Tenders, Notice of Meetings, etc., 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents each subsequent insertion, solid nonpareil measure.

Reading notices in local columns 10 cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Found, Astray, etc., 50c for first insertion, 25c for each subsequent insertion. This class of ads. must be accompanied by cash to insure publication.

Church Notices and Society Entertainments from which a revenue is to be derived will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

Rates for Commercial, Contract and Permanent advertisements will be furnished on application.

A liberal commission allowed to parties willing to act as agents for us. Write for terms.

S. T. SCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, DEC. 31, 1896.

## Sunday Rest a Civil Right.

Sunday observance legislation may rest upon purely civil grounds and will find in this a sufficient foundation, even if divine obligation and religious requirement be ignored. The proper aim of human enactment is to secure justice and promote the public welfare. It cannot properly trample upon human rights, reduce to a condition of slavery, or deny protection to the humble and oppressed. A law that is calculated to confer upon the people great physical, material and social blessings needs no defence. Such a law may utterly ignore all recognition of religious duty, and may simply require the observance of the Sunday rest-day so far as abstaining from labor and unseemly recreations and actions are concerned, because such observance is held to promote the public good. The results following the enforcement of such a law would clearly justify its enactment from the purely civil standpoint only. Among these results would be found the protection of the toiler in the enjoyment of a right essential to his highest intellectual and physical interests; protection from the conscienceless greed of the classes who pocket the dividends swelled by the Sunday toil of the white slaves, whose natural rights and religious scruples are ruthlessly trampled in the dust in the scramble of the money-grabber and the pleasure-seeker; the legal establishment of the best of all sanitary arrangements resulting in the more efficient promotion of public health, cleanliness and self-respect; greatly increased opportunity for securing the benefits of the higher education furnished by Church and Sabbath school; the resulting increase of Christian homes which are the graduating schools of good citizens and the bulwark of the State; the promotion of temperance and the spirit of obedience to the law, as well as of good morals and social purity; and the securing to the toiler the rights of conscience and religious liberty.—John Charlton, M.P., in Canadian Magazine.

The wife of Mr. T. Hodges, of Alvaston, near Shaftesbury, Dorset, England, as given birth to three girls. The mother and infants are doing well.

Mrs. John Brown, the wife of a blacksmith engaged at West Stanley colliery, County Durham, Eng., has just given birth to triplets, all boys. Both the mother and infants are doing well. It is a singular coincidence that the person bears the same name as a woman who gave birth to triplets in the County Durham a fortnight before.

—The convention called by the Northwest executive of the P. of I. to be held in Regina on the 11th and 12th of January. Any lodge that may be dormant or meeting irregularly should be represented by the president or secretary, who will probably be admitted as a delegate.

## Correspondence.

Our columns are open to all for the discussion of public questions. Personalities will not be permitted. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

### The Weed Question.

To the Editor of THE PROGRESS,

SIR—As the new council will soon be taking their seats, and as the weed question is the only of great one engaging the attention of the farmers, I wish to give my views as to the best means of getting rid of the pest. In place of appointing one or two inspectors put one in every township. The reason for this is plain. In the first place the inspector has not so far to travel going and coming from work; in the second place, if good farmers are chosen they will be more interested in their own vicinity and have a better knowledge of the whereabouts of the weeds than men would be from a distance. I think it would also be wise to supply each inspector with a book to take notes of all farms inspected—those that have weeds and those that have not. It will also let the councils know hereafter if the nuisance is abating, and of those who are or are not trying to get rid of them. If the council takes the matter up and gives the people to understand that the law will be enforced, it will compel those that are troubled with weeds to either summer-fallow or put in roots or a crop for green feed. If the council or any person can suggest a better plan let us have it, for the best will be none too good. JAMES TATE

## GOES BACK EAST.

The Stanley Cup in the Hands of the Montreal Vics.

The championship hockey match between the Vics. of Montreal and the Vics. of Winnipeg, took place at Winnipeg last night in the McIntyre rink. The betting was in favor of the home team though the Montreal backers were equally confident and expected the game to be 2 to 3 in their favor; but it didn't. The game was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd, and was very fast throughout, the Montrealers playing a better combination game than their opponents, and raining the puck continually down on the latter's goal, and had it not been for the brilliant goal-keeping of Merritt the score would have been much larger for the visitors. At the close the game stood 6 to 5 in favor of Montreal, which will necessitate our boys journeying east again to bring back the coveted trophy.

## Address and Presentation.

Last Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Gisborne received some of the officers and ex-officers of the Northwest Division of the Government Telegraph Service, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Warner, who were the chief guests of the evening. The occasion was the giving of a watch chain and locket by some of the officers immediately concerned during Mr. Warner's term of service as agent and circuit manager of this branch of the government telegraph service, Mr. N. Cryderman representing those officers who were not able to be present owing to the distance. Amongst those specially invited were Mr. Scott, of The Progress, and Mrs. Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Watt.

An address was also presented to Mr. Warner, which was read in Mr. Cryderman's most happy style, and is as follows:

"To Mr. Warner: It would be useless to say we, the employees of the Northwest division of the government telegraph service, regret your severance with it. You have been connected with this service almost since its inception, and by your kindness and courteous manner made our labors a pleasure.

"Daily intercourse of over fourteen years cannot be broken without some regret, and in your case we speak truly when we say we sincerely regret the separation.

"We would ask that you accept this watch chain and locket as a small token of our esteem and kindly feeling towards you.

"We know you will meet many friends in your new life, and sincerely hope you will find it pleasant. In conclusion, we wish you and Mrs. Warner every prosperity, and shall always be pleased to hear of your success and welfare.

"Signed by Messrs. N. Cryderman, H. McClenaghan, S. A. Voyer, L. G. Picard, Von Lindenburgh and others."

Mr. Warner replied in some suitable remarks, thanking his friends for the honor conveyed to him. After the address was delivered the health of Mr. and Mrs. Warner was proposed and drunk.

Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne then entertained their friends to a supper, the party breaking up about 11.30.

## DROPPED DEAD!

**Suddenly Stricken Down by Heart Disease**

"A sad and startling death occurred to a well-known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning."

Nearly every large city paper contains daily some such heading. The number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Palpitation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood and make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr. Chase's Liver-Kidney Pills may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a dose, one cent a dose.

Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine is sold colds. Largest bottle on the market; only 25 cents.

## Spencerville Splashes.

We are very sorry to hear that we are about to lose Miss Bessie McMichael from our midst. Spencerville's loss will be Minden's gain.

School closed last Wednesday for the Xmas holidays.

Miss Smith leaves on Thursday morning for Regina, carrying with her the best wishes of many friends for her future.

The public school examination was held on Wednesday, the building being crowded with friends of the pupils, who were very much pleased with the result of the summer's work. At the close of the examination Miss Smith was presented with a silver tea service, accompanied by the following address, to which she responded in an able manner.

To Miss A. E. Smith:

Dear Friend—It is with regret that we learn that the tie which has existed between you and us, as teacher and pupil, is soon to be severed, but before you leave, please permit us to say that during your stay with us we have ever felt that we had in you a true friend who always had a real interest in our welfare. You have not only faithfully performed the duties you were engaged to perform as teacher of secular knowledge, but by precept and example you have ever been on the side of righteousness, and have thus helped us to know and do the right. We assure you that you will ever have a warm place in our affections, and as a token of this we wish to present to you this tea service, which please accept, not for its worth, but as a token of our esteem and affection for you.

Signed on behalf of the school, by
MINNIE CATES,
MAUD HARDY,
ARTHUR BAILEY,
HAROLD GRAY.

A popular young bachelor in the vicinity of Spencerville played being a lady. During a drive he broke his tongue. Query—had talking anything to do with the breakage?

## MASONIC.

The following were installed officers for the ensuing year of Qu'Appelle Lodge No. 34 A. F. & A. M., J. P. Cramer, W. M.; W. Vicars, S.W.; W. Henley, J.W.; W. J. Thompson, Sec.; Jas. Smith, Treas.; J. P. Jones, S.D.; A. Raymond, J.D.; J. B. Robinson, S.S.; R. Johnston, J.S.; F. Bell, I.G.; E. Handyside, Tyler.

The following have been installed officers of Indian Head Lodge No. 33, A. F. & A. M., G. E. M., for the ensuing year: F. L. McKay, W.M.; F. T. Grimmett, S.W.; R. C. Andrew, J.W.; A. Dickson, Sec.; Jas. Conn, Treas.; Robert Crawford, Chap.; J. Hastings, S.D.; Thos. Smith, J.D.; Jas. Halcrow, S.S.; ——, J.S.; W. E. Boyd, M.C.; P. Leach, I.G.; C. McLean, Tyler.

—We hear that it is now *Corporal* Rudd. Everyone would have been pleased if his promotion had not entailed his removal from the Fort Const. Hoskins has taken his place here.—Vidette.

## The Poet's Corner.

### ULTIMA THULE.

Far to the north, in Prince Albert's land,
In situate Ultima Thule,
It ore outlet be a cozy place,
And boasts a lock and a school;
It's a pleasant resort for a cinnamon bear,
But the man who goes there is a fool.

And when a poor Johnny does get there
"He don't know where he are,"
For the catchment place has got two names
Like a double-refracting star,
And the postal arrangements were made in sheol
And not in Ulawa.

The folks who live in Ultima Thule
Are gaily and austere,
But the way they wear their collars and ties
And hair on their Sundays gear,
Is evidence strong that they do not belong
To the caste of Vere de Vere.

And every day the longer you stay,
Some new torment on sees disclose—
A hungry calf can't purchase a loaf
For there are no stores or stores;
You must walk or ride about twenty miles
For a pound of mutton chops.

You can't cheer your soul with the flowing bowl,
There is no hotel or bar,
If you want to get high you must make it all right
With the man of the C.P.R.,
Who smokes away the weary day
In the heart of the baggage car.

It's far from a joke when you can't get a smoke
To polish irritation and care,
And if you want to get measured for pants
Or a barber to cut your hair,
You'll find it a jolly expensive jag
On account of the railway fare.

"Do not go further for fair you fare worse,"
Is a good old golden rule,
And it is for my sins and seeing my sins
And allowing my brain to cool
That I left, like an ass, my inn and my glass
And was exiled to Ultima Thule.

—C.

**A Cool Winter Will—make it Yourself**

I am one of the Progress subscribers who I am recommended in your paper recently. It only cost me $3.10 and is a wonderful success, my well is deep, but it pumps it all right with very little wind; the neighbors envy me it, and as I am a kind of a carpenter I have agreed to put up nine more for them, on which I can make a nice profit. There are many others for whom I could put up mills this fall. I don't see why every farmer should not have a wind mill, when they can make it themselves for less than $10. Any one can get diagrams and complete instructions for making the wind mill by sending 18 two-cent stamps to pay postage, etc., to Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo., and there can be dozens of them put up in any locality by anyone that has energy to do so.

A FARMER.

**To the Policy Holders of the Confederation Life.**

M. A. D. Dixon having resigned the agency for this district, Mr. S. H. Caswell has been appointed agent, to whom all premiums are payable.

A. W. H. MARKLEY,
General Agent.

**A. O. U. W.**

Qu'Appelle Lodge A.O.U.W., is to be congratulated on the progress it is making in the right direction. It has now a membership of 23, and a large number of applications for membership. The following gentlemen will occupy official chairs for 1897: G. S. Davidson, M. W.; G. Bissett, foreman; Sergt. Fyffe, overseer; A. Raymond, receiver; A. Gray, financier; N. Cryderman, recorder; C. T. Bailey, guide; Jas. Whittingham, I.W.

—L. Parsons, a rancher of the Maple Creek country, passed through town a few days ago, accompanied by Mrs. Parson, en route to Montreal. Mr. Parson said that for a few days last month the snow and cold weather was severe on cattle, but a change for the better took place early this month and now there is no snow between Calgary and Maple Creek.

A good cricket story is told of the late Bishop of Rochester. He was batting in a local cricket match when the bowler sent a ball very wide of the wicket. "Keep the ball to the parish," cried the erasible bishop. The next ball knocked his lordship's middle stump out. The yokel shouted, "I think that is somewhere about the diocese, my lord!"

**THE "B.B." FOUR.**

**A Quartette of Famous Remedies that are Effective in Their Work of Cure.**

Dr. Chase's four great remedies are: Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the latest and greatest discovery for all throat and lung affections.

"I was sick for three years," says James Simpson, of Newcastle Mills. "I tried various alleged patent cures and several bottles of a certain pill which has been greatly cracked up. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c."

"I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring," says Miss Hattie Delaney, of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. "I used many costly medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine."

"My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles," writes Mrs. Jane Potts, of Meyerburg. "He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents."

"I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Hoyle's drug store here," says Henry T. Nichols of 176 Bestow street, London, Ont. "I am thankful to say it cured me."

Chase's remedies at all dealers. Ed manson, Bates & Co., manfrs., Toronto.

QU'APPELLE PROGRESS.

Thursday, December 31, 1896.

### THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

The elders sat together,
The children played apart,
And fooled not discussions
Of nature or of art.

But when to nobler culture
The conversation turned,
For some specific knowledge
Those "little pitchers" yearned.

They heard of foreign countries,
Of trees that in them grow,
The spruces and the fir-trees
That bloom in Norway's snow.

The spice-trees of Arabia,
The poplars tall of France,
The trees of Vallambrosa,
The aspen trees that dance.

The palms of California
Came next in the routine,
When suddenly a small boy
Was heard as well as seen.

"Come off!" he said; "you're talking!
Here's Sam, an' Jess, an' me
Ain't heard a single mention
About the Christmas tree."

Somewhere up in skyland, in wonderland, in whyland,
Or some other lyland—nobody knows where,
An old fellow merry, with lips like a berry,
And nose like a cherry—comes down o'er his stair.

When north winds are blowing, and storm clouds are snowing,
His white beard is flowing afloat in the air;
For all in a flurry, he starts in a hurry,
The reindeer to curry—to come from Somewhere.

He knows we are waiting, with merry lips prating,
In earnest debating, how soon he'll appear;
But, hark! hear him singing; his bells he is ringing;
His gifts he is bringing. Hurrah! he is here.

There came a little child to earth,
Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,
High and low.
Out of the night so calm and still
Their song was heard,
For they knew that the child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

Far away in a goodly land
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white;
In white more pure than the spotless snow,
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On Christmas night.

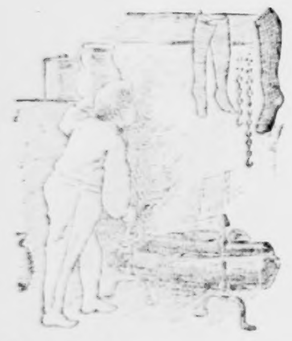
They sang how the Lord of that world so fair,
A child was born;
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn,
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That children of earth might forever reign
With him on high.
He has put on his Kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land;
And He leads, to where fountains of water flow,
That chosen band.
And forever in garments fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare,
Who once was a child.

## CHRISTMAS WHEN I WAS A BOY.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Christmas was much farther apart when I was a boy. It came, by the almanac, once a year, which was right and regular. But such long years have never been, since long ago. Possibly one reason why the arrival of Christmas was long deferred each year was that we lived in the West. It was the West then that long departed and of pioneer memories and forgotten adventures—and Christmas came, like the wise men, from distant lands. It came to us from the East. Had it started in the summer time it could have "staged it" over the Alleghenies; and then, if haply there had been some water in the Ohio River, as there sometimes is in the summer time, it would have taken boat for St. Louis, and there, finding an Illinois River packet with two decks and a texas, capacity for one hundred cabin passengers and all the freight that could be piled on without falling off, and drawing about four inches of water, it could have reached Peoria the same year.

But then it wouldn't have been Christmas. It came in the old fashioned way,



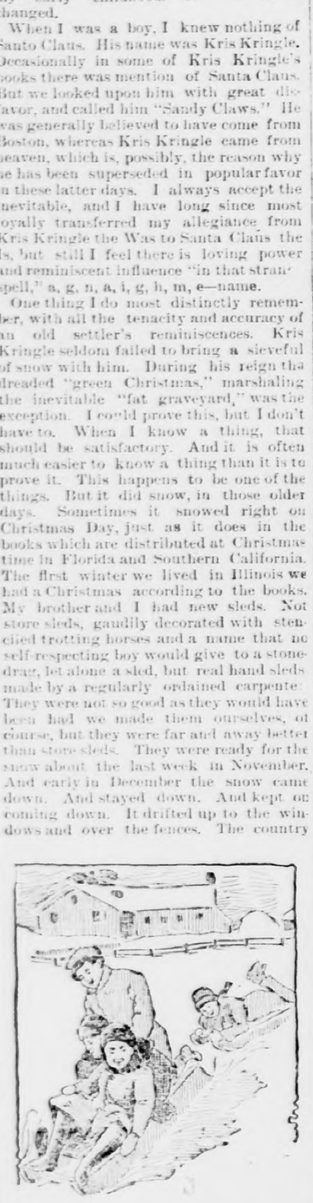
on runners, with jingling bells and clatter of reindeer hoofs, up hill and down dale, flying across wide stretches of drifted prairie, lying in the starlight like a frozen sea, skimming over frozen rivers and ice-bound lakes. It took a long time, for the distances were magnificent as the prairies. I could understand it all very clearly at that time.

It was so easy to understand a great many things when I was a boy that have been dark and perplexing problems and inscrutable mysteries since I became a man, and put away the pleasant theories of childish things. Concerning Christmas, have I not heard with my own ears, and those of brothers', the reindeer scampering over the roof above our ads? Did I not one night hear the cheery shout of encouragement from no human voice, and hear the crack of the whip that was plaited by fairy hands in "Christmas-tree Land," as the antlered team of six-in-hand leaped from cornice to the ground? I could have proved it, too, if it hadn't showed that night and covered all the tracks of reindeer and sleigh. Did I not lie awake one night and hear subdued laughter in the room, where hung all our stockings? Indeed I did. And so excited was I that, instead of creeping softly down the hall, I sprang from bed, and ran pad-padding to the door of the sitting-room, and as I pushed it open did I not hear the hurried rustling of robes and scampering of feet? By the Sacred Books of the Sybil and the Great Pocket Book of Rockefeller, I did! I rushed in and looked up the chimney, but he was gone. I peered into the room where slept my parents, but their painfully labored breathing told me, with impressive emphasis, how they slumbered. I had nearly caught Kris Kringle in the act.

I think once, indeed, I did see him. I can't remember when nor where. But I must have seen him, because my conception of him, indeed, my personal knowledge of his appearance, is a memory of my early childhood. It is never changed.

When I was a boy, I knew nothing of Santo Claus. His name was Kris Kringle. Occasionally in some of Kris Kringle's books there was mention of Santa Claus. But we looked upon him with great disfavor, and called him "Sandy Claws." He was generally believed to have come from Boston, whereas Kris Kringle came from heaven, which is, possibly, the reason why he has been superseded in popular favor in these latter days. I always accept the inevitable, and I have long since most loyally transferred my allegiance from Kris Kringle the Was to Santa Claus the Is, but still I feel there is loving power and reminiscent influence "in that strange spell," a, g, n, a, i, g, h, m, e—name.

One thing I do most distinctly remember, with all the tenacity and accuracy of an old settler's reminiscences. Kris Kringle seldom failed to bring a sleveful of snow with him. During his reign the dreaded "green Christmas," marshaling the inevitable "fat graveyard," was the exception. I could prove this, but I don't have to. When I know a thing, that should be satisfactory. And it is often much easier to know a thing than it is to prove it. This happens to be one of the things. But it did snow, in those older days. Sometimes it snowed right on Christmas Day, just as it does in the books which are distributed at Christmas time in Florida and Southern California. The first winter we lived in Illinois we had a Christmas according to the books. My brother and I had new sleds. Not store sleds, gaudily decorated with stencilled trotting horses and a name that no self-respecting boy would give to a stone-drag, let alone a sled, but real hand sleds made by a regularly ordained carpenter. They were not so good as they would have been had we made them ourselves, of course, but they were far and away better than store sleds. They were ready for the snow about the last week in November. And early in December the snow came down. And stayed down. And kept on coming down. It drifted up to the windows and over the fences. The country



"EVERY HILL WAS A TOBOGGAN CHUTE."

roads were turned into embankments. When the first flakes came fluttering down, a double case of whooping cough trundled itself into our house and took two boys by their respective necks and kept them on the war-path until the springtime brought its healing sunshine and malarial mud. Then it resigned and gave place to "fever 'n' ager." But all that winter was made of gala days to boys who could get out. Every hill was a toboggan chute, and every bob-sled or sleigh that drove past our windows dragged after it a long trail of juvenile humanity that had "hooked on." Think of two boys entertaining the whooping-cough and gazing through the windows at that panorama of boyish joy week after week, and then talk about the martyrs! And the worst of it was, there was no need for our remaining in quarantine. But we hadn't lived out West long enough to know that. The next winter my youngest brother had it. He went to school with it, coasted with it, and one night, while skating, broke through the ice with it. It did him good. He was all through with it by the end of January. We were a tough people out West in those days, and a boy who couldn't help build a snow fort or go a skating when he had the croup, was considered effeminate.

Hanging up our stockings when I was a boy was not the hollow farce which it now is. There were fireplaces by which stockings could be hung up. To hang a collection of stockings of assorted sizes around a black and cheerless register, smelling of sulphur from a defective heater, is a profanation. And hanging them in front of a cold and clammy steam radiator should be prohibited by law. It tends to make children skeptical and atheistic. In the older days Kris Kringle had a broad chimney to come down, and a fireplace as big as a store box to jump out of. There was a mantelpiece like unto a sideboard, from which the stockings depended. Sometimes, if a long stocking were hung in the middle, inaccurately held by a pin, the draft would draw it partly into the fireplace during the night. Then the whole family would be aroused, and we would go shuffling about the house, like so many shivering phantoms, hunting for the fire.

The old-fashioned fireplace had more drawbacks than the back-log. As a rule, the bigger the fireplace the colder the room. All the heat that could be drawn from every room in the house went up the big sitting-room chimney. Eternal summer must have lingered somewhere up in that great stack. Those old fireplaces were splendid things in which to roast apples. And the soles of your bare feet. You could hold your feet out before the glowing fire until they curled up and warped and crinkled with intense heat. And by the time you get them to bed they were cold as blocks of marble. Your feet, that is. Not the apples. You didn't take them to bed. You took long strides and walked on your heels to keep them warm. That is, your feet. They filled room with a grateful flavor when egan to sizzle. The apples did.

The old-fashioned fireplace was no less romantic and interesting in the summer time, when it was enclosed with a right paper screen. When a child romping about the room, fell up against that pictured screen, and went plunging and screaming right through the Lake of Como, those placid waters never regained their prestine placidity. Even when the artist of the family restored the picture, by pasting its shattered edges together, and coloring them with laundry bluing, the scene of the tragedy was emphasized in a manner too ghastly to contemplate. The tragedy always followed the act of breaking through the lake. The drowning, indeed, was looked upon as a sort of comedy, and was highly enjoyed by the bystanders, until the Life Guard, armed only with her slipper, rescued the survivor of the wreck. Then any person under the age of fifteen, who had any tears on hand that were about ripe enough to shed, could find a ready market for the entire crop as fast as the shedder could turn them out.

Most of the Christmas presents in those days were designed by the manufacturers for the hanging stocking. Anything too big to go into a stocking had to go over to somebody's birthday. In any family where there was more than one child, the old reliable "Noah's Ark" was always looked for. We hailed, with acclamations of astonished recognition, Noah and Mrs. Noah, Messieurs and Mesdames Shem, Ham and Japhet. There was no way of telling the men and women apart; they were exactly alike; but the elephant and giraffe you could distinguish at a glance, on account of the spots on the giraffe. So also the dog and the cow; because the cow was always white and blue, while the dog was invariably plain blue. Within twenty-four hours after the landing on Ararat, the baby would have all the paint sucked off Shem, Ham and the hired man, and the doctor would be sent for. He told us, once a year, returning with the breathless messenger, to keep the candy out of the baby's reach, and let it wean itself on the rest of the antediluvians if it found them to its liking.

The red monkey climbing a red stick was another regular Christmas visitor. He was highly esteemed as a light lunch-eon by the baby. It never seemed to affect the infant unpleasantly, to himself that is; although the cloudy symphony in red and blue about his innocent mouth was apt to make the beholder shiver. But it made the monkey look sick. Then there was a soldier on a box, with a major-general's uniform, beating a drum. You turned a crank, the general lifted his sticks high in the air, and something in the box made a noise as much like a drum as a peal of thunder is like a piccolo. Those things as toys were of no great value, but as practical and useful object lessons they were beyond all price, on the minus side.

It seems to me—and it isn't my fault that the sunset is fairer and lovelier than the sunrise—that there was something more Christmasy about Christmas when I was a boy. Its pleasures were simpler, its gifts were cheaper and heartier. At least, I cannot remember to have read, save in these later years, articles in family journals and magazines bewailing the burden of toil and worry and expense in the planning and making, or purchasing of Christmas presents. "Krismus gifts" we called them when I was a boy. It didn't and doesn't have much refinement of culture in the spelling and the sound thereof. But the people who made them didn't rush into the papers to tell how much it cost them, and how tired to death it made them, and how glad they were that it was all over for another year. But last year and the year before I read such articles in print. So did you. Wherefore it seems to me that we killed Kris Kringle a full century too soon. We have more currants in our Christmas cake under the reign of Santa Claus, it is true. But we have also more flies in it.

### THE NEXT STEP FORWARD.

**Milk and Cream Will Have to be Sterilized or Pasteurized.**

The next step forward for the wide awake dairyman and milk dealer will be the sterilizing of all milk and cream before it is sold to the consumer. Public opinion will demand it, and those who begin the practice first will reap the most benefit pecuniarily.

As to the process itself of pasteurizing, a correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman writes:—

Whether the creaming is done in a Cooley creamer or by a separator, the treatment will be just the same, only I am confident that more cream would be gained by a separator than by any deep setting at 52 degrees for only 12 hours. Also, using a separator, as we do here, it is perfectly safe in the hottest weather to use both night's milk (having been cooled to below 70 degrees) and morning's milk mixed and separated together. As soon as the cream has run from the separator into common shotgun cans, 20 inches by 8 inches, these are set in a hot water tank or tub, in which the water always must be deeper than the cream in the cans, and the water be kept at a temperature from about 170 to 180 degrees F. The cream cans, being only about two-thirds full, will swim safely.

While heating, stir cream rather constantly to avoid overheating of the part nearest the water. Use for stirring a dasher somewhat like the one used in old fashioned dash churns, but made of tin and having no holes in the dashing plate on the end. Be sure to have this dasher substantially made that it may not leak in the handle, thereby letting milk or cream into the seam where it will soon decay and cause ruin of your cream. I mention this apparently needless precaution, as I have seen by experience how easily such a leak will occur and can hardly be noticed before it has caused mischief.

If constantly stirred, the cream may be safely heated to 160 degrees. The higher it is heated the better it keeps. When heated higher, it will begin to get the cooked taste, which is objectionable, but it will keep still longer and stand more exposure when heated nearer the boiling point and also when kept longer at a high temperature. As soon as cream is heated to 160 degrees, cool is down in cold water, again stirring constantly. To save ice, use first naturally cold water, such as you may have from well or spring; then put coolers in ice water and cool down to 50 degrees.

Thus treated you can ship your cream with absolute safety in jacketed cans any reasonable distance. If the cream on arrival at its destination is cooled again to below 50 degrees, it will keep sweet for 24 hours at least even without freezing. The pasteurized cream not only keeps from souring, but it keeps its flavor perfectly fresh for several days.

We have run our ice cream parlor in this city this summer and have constantly used pasteurized cream, and ice cream three days old, and even allowed to melt, was as fresh in flavor as when made. From cream not pasteurized it may keep sweet, but will get an old taste.

Other creameries have tried my method with perfect success.

What is here stated for cream holds good also for whole and skimmed milk.

We have now a pasteurizing apparatus on the way from Germany, and as soon as I have tested the same I shall give my opinion. Those handling large quantities of milk and cream for sale will need an apparatus, but in handling only a few hundred gallons daily my way of using common coolers answers the purpose very well.—J. Moldenhower.

**Genius Should be Recognized.**

It is ungenerous to withhold an expression of sympathy for those who have failed in the accomplishment of great undertakings, in which they have embarked all their pecuniary, physical and intellectual resources. As a general rule, people are hardly considerate enough toward the unsuccessful. There is too great a disposition to forget their pluck and perseverance and sneer at their trustfullness. We ought to bear in mind that it is this sublime audacity of faith to which we are indebted for the marvelous achievements of our age.

### HORSE DIES FROM GRIEF.

**He Was Separated From His Mate and Died in a Short Time.**

The emotional life of a horse is remarkable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instance is called to mind, which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could not travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The leg was bandaged, and he was made as comfortable as possible.

He ate his food, and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless, and tramped and whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ear caught the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush, as best he could with the injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted.

Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased, his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of his body. Finally the stableman went to the house, woke up the proprietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had had charge of the injured horse, returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead.

The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign, fell and died with scarcely a struggle. The veterinarian who was called remarked after the circumstances were told him that unquestionably the horse died from grief. If it is possible for all the mental faculties of the horse to become abandoned to grief to such an extent as to cause death, how much more does he appeal to the sympathy and regard of mankind.

**A Floating Pumice Stone Barrier.**

A floating barrier of pumice stone, nineteen miles long, over 1,000 yards wide and 15 feet deep, closing a seaport to all vessels as effectually as a boom could do, is not the sort of thing one is likely to forget. And yet that was one of the results of the Krakatoa eruption, the port being Telok Betoung in Sunda Straits. Formed in a few hours, it would almost seem to be the supreme effort of Nature in the pumice-making line, were it not that such immense quantities are found at the bottom of the sea. A queer place for pumice stone; but pumice when produced is really heavy; it is only the air cavities in it that make it light, and as it floats it becomes water-logged, and down it goes. Most of the pumice we use in Europe comes from the Lipari Islands, north of Sicily, "the home of Vulcan," whence Vulcano as the name of one of them, and our "volcano" as descriptive of the natural feature of which it is the type. Here are the pumice quarries—at Monte Chirico and its craters Monte Pelata and Forgia Vecchia—where over a thousand men are at work in the narrow tunnels and galleries lighted by clay lamps of antique form. The whole hillside is perforated with groups of these tunnels, which number between 200 and 300, and are so narrow that the men can hardly pass each other in them. And just as coal is found in beds alternated with sandstone and shale, so the pumice is in layers between harder lavas and ashes.

### NO USE OF HIS LEGS.

**Doctors could Not Help Him, But Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Removed the Disease—The Story of a Wingham Farmer.**

Kidney disease can be cured. Mr. John Snell, a retired farmer, of Wingham, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered untold misery, and at times could not walk, and any standing position gave intense pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continually growing worse, which alarmed family and friends. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man will grasp at anything. Before—before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me." To cure kidney disease a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is a solvent, and can thus dissolve the sand-like particles in the blood.

Marie—"Just think of the nerve of the fellow to propose to me." Mertie—"Nerve? Why, it was absolute recklessness."

### COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

**Terrible Suffering of an Elora Lady From Rheumatism—Fifteen Years a Sufferer, But Cured by Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure.**

No pen can describe the intensity of suffering that may come from an attack of rheumatism. "For fifteen years," says Mrs. John Beaumont, of Elora, Ont., "I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which took the form of pains in my back, often confining me to my bed, and rendering me part of my time wholly unfit for my duties. At times I suffered so intensely that I could not turn in my bed, and the disease was fast reaching a point where both myself and my husband had become thoroughly discouraged of recovery. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure, and after the first bottle I was able to sit up, and before four bottles were taken I was able to go about as usual, and have been in excellent health since."

There are three classes of literary people; the first is obtrusive, the second is obscene and the third is obscure.

### A BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

**Not a Financial, but Worse, a Physical Wreck—Past Doctors' Skill, But Cured by South American Nervine.**

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: "I have tried everything in the way of proprietary medicines, but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Nervine, and I can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. As a result of several bottles I find myself to day strong and healthy, and ready for any amount of business, where before my nervous system was to undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I say, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wonderful medicine."

## A TEACHER'S STORY.

**THE HEALTH OF THOSE IN THE PROFESSION FREQUENTLY UNDERMINED.**

**Thos. W. Crofer, Late Principal of the Alberton High School, Gives Some Valuable Advice to His Former Co-Laborers in the Sedentry Teaching Profession.**

Mr. Thos. Crofer, late principal of the Alberton, P. E. I., high school, has passed through an experience that will prove interesting to thousands of others engaged in the teaching profession throughout the country, more especially those whose health has been impaired by overwork in crowded and often badly ventilated schools. "Three years ago," says Mr. Crofer, "I assumed charge of the high school at Alberton, and found the pupils in my department in a rather backward condition, as their former teacher had to resign on account of ill health. When I began work, however, I was in excellent health, and although I was never very fleshy, I was quite muscular and athletic. I was a great lover of outdoor exercise and sports, and was an enthusiast over the game of football. Anyone who ever beheld a genuine game of "Old Rugby" will know that it is not a game at all for weaklings. I merely state these facts to show that at the time I took charge of the high school I was capable of undergoing almost any amount of hard labor. During the two years of my service I labored very hard in bringing my pupils to a high state of proficiency, for I wished to have the school in as prosperous a condition as possible under my management. Besides the close confinement in the school room during the day, I generally studied until twelve at night, in order to be well prepared for entering on a college course when my teaching days would be over. The people at the hotel where I boarded used to warn me against over-taxing my strength, but I disregarded their kind advice. Towards the end of the second year, however, I began to feel the effects of the double work I had imposed upon myself. My eyesight began to fail rapidly, and it was not long until I had to consult an eminent occulist who ordered for me a pair of specially ground glasses. He attributed the failure of my eyesight to excessive night reading, and forbade me to read any more by lamplight. But the weakness of my eyes was not all. Insomnia attacked me and I was unable to sleep at night and used to toss about on my bed until morning without getting the slightest degree of rest. When I rose in the morning it may be readily imagined I was in no fit condition to begin my daily work. My appetite was so poor that often I was unable to partake of any breakfast, and this of course rendered my condition all the worse. I became so thin and emaciated that my friends thought I was doomed to death. At the end of the school year I had become so weak that I resigned my position, and at that time it did look as if my days on earth were numbered. I went to the country to give myself some chance to recruit, and at the urgent advice of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I remained on my brother's farm for a whole year, during which time I used the Pink Pills, toward the end, however, only taking them at intervals. I had not been taking the Pink Pills long before I began to experience benefit from their use, and from the day I first felt benefit I steadily progressed toward recovery. I was able to take sound, refreshing sleep, my appetite became excellent and my weight increased so much that friends whom I had not seen for some time scarcely recognized me at first sight. I am completely restored physically, and I can take heavy lifts or engage in any kind of work without feeling the least weariness, and this condition of affairs I owe to the excellence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My eyesight is also gradually returning and I hope ere long to be able to discard my glasses. My story, which I fear has been somewhat tedious shows how many young men and many young women also have their health shattered by sticking too closely to the teaching profession. However, there is an effective remedy within the reach of all. This remedy which I have much pleasure in recommending is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

A short time ago it was rumored that an English syndicate had made an offer of $1,000,000 for the Sultana mine, Rat Portage, but that Mr. Caldwell, of Winnipeg, the owner, wanted $1,500,000 for the property. It is reported now that the Englishmen are willing to meet Caldwell half way and have offered him $1,250,000.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhœa, Dysentry, Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all summer complaints and fluxes of the bowels in children or adults.

Newspapers are folded, wrapped and addressed by a machine recently patented by a man in California.

**One Every Night.**

One Laxa-Liver Pill taken each night during 30 days will cure Constipation, oft returning Headaches and irregular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills leave no unpleasant after effect.

The ignorance that is bliss is the ignorance of the man who thinks he knows it all.

**As Well as Ever.**

DEAR SIRS,—After suffering for two years from acute indigestion, I tried B. B. B. I took only three bottles, which made me as well as ever I was. I highly recommend B. B. B. to all dyspeptics.

MRS JOHN WHITE, Austin, Man.

Mr. Dooley—"She is always running people down." Mr. Gurley—"A gossip, eh?" "No, a scorcher."

**Constipation Cured.**

GENTS,—I was in very poor health for over four years; the doctor said it was constipation. Not wanting to spend too much cash, I got three bottles of B. B. B. and took it regularly. I can certify that I am now in the best of health and feel very grateful to B. B. B.

ALFRED TESOUX, Montreal, Que.

**Piles Cured in 3 to Six Nights.**

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 25 cents.

### A REMARKABLE SHOWING.

**What our Contemporaries Say Regarding the "Two Friends Mine."**

Copy of local item in the "Slocan City News" December 5th:

"J. A. Wood, superintendent of the Two Friends Mine, shipped a car load of rich ore to the Tacoma smelter to-day."

Local from the Toronto papers:

Messrs. Cassels Son & Co., have been appointed agents to receive applications in Toronto for shares in the Two Friends Mine, which is one of Slocan's high grade silver producers, and is a regular shipper of ore which ranges in value from $175.00 to $250.00 per ton. This property is held in such estimation in Vancouver, B. C., which is the head office of the company, that 100,000 shares of its stock, which were offered for sale there, were over applied for in a few days, and as 600 tons of ore will be shipped from the mine this winter, the anticipations of the management that they will be able to pay big dividends within a few months should be realized.

Samples of the ore being taken from the Two Friends Mine is reported to be remarkably rich. One sample of cupriferous argentite which was lately taken out was assayed, and found to contain at the rate of 19,000 ounces to the ton, being considerably over half its weight in pure silver. Samples of gray copper have also been assayed and found to contain several thousand ounces to the ton. The ordinary shipping ore which is the argentiferous galena running very high in silver contains about 50 per cent. lead and alone pays considerably over half the cost of mining, freight and treatment.

There are now in the ore house of the Two Friends Mine 600 tons ready for shipment this winter.

Mamma—"Mrs. Brown says her little boy looks very much like ours." Papa—"Then ours must be better looking."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhœa, Dysentry, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c.

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WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
And every species of disease arising from disordered
LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
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One Coat Is Warmer Than Two
If the one is interlined with
FIBRE CHAMOIS
This popular fabric gives perfect protection from cold wind, frosty air and all other wintry weather, because it is a complete non-conductor. An all day's piercing wind can't get through it to rob your body of its natural warmth.
Bear this in mind when buying ready-to-wear garments and by looking for the Fibre Chamois Label on them make sure of your own winter comfort.

"EAGLE PARLOR" MATCHES
Smokers and housekeepers alike find them faultless.
Their odorless qualities make them luxuries to use.
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Emblematic of any Society in Canada or the United States. Shipping Dept. will receive and execute orders for Enamelled Gold Buttons with screw and pin fastening. These buttons are made of best quality gold plate, enamelled in colors, making a suitable present for a lodge member.
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TORONTO
Manufacturers of all Lodge Regalias and Emblems, Badges, etc.

Sun Insurance Office.
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W. R. ALLAN, General Agent, Winnipeg.

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RELIABLE MEN in every locality local or travelling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and buildings throughout town and country. Commission, or salary $65.00 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars, write
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## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like those of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold
No time or sorrow ere shall dim
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving will incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels' song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

# ARTHUR'S CHRISTMAS LETTER.

Arthur seated himself upon the floor, in a corner of the room farthest from his mother; he wrinkled his eyebrows, puckered his mouth and cramping his little fingers around a stubby lead pencil began to write; and this is what he wrote:

"DEAR SANTY CLAWS.—Plese dont for Get to Fill my stockin. An Id like A Sled an a par of skaTes. An plese giv MOThEr the vEry nicEst thinG you goT. We Live on French street, First ChimBly dowN 2 FLighTs.

"ARTHUR HILL."

He stretched out his little numb fingers with a sigh of relief; for printing was hard work for Arthur's chubby fist. Then he glanced furtively over his shoulder, to make sure his mother was not looking—but no; stitch, stitch, stitch her needle went through the heavy coat, and she did not once look up. So he folded the precious letter in a painstaking manner, and sealed it in the envelope addressed:

"MR. SANTY CLAWS,"

and stuffing it into his little pocket—regardless of opposition on the part of letter or pocket—went softly out of the room; but his quiet movements ended on the landing just outside, and he tore down the stairs and through the streets to the post-office.

Perhaps the thought that there were but two days before Christmas, and the consequent fear that the gentle reminder might not reach Santa Claus in time, gave the deer-like fleetness to his sturdy little feet.

Arthur's letter lay among the others for a half hour or so, and then a clerk began assorting them for the mails.

"Here's a good one!" and he laughed heartily as he held up the crumpled envelope.

"Mr. Santa Claus!" and he laughed again, in company with two or three clerks who had gathered around him.

Just then the door opened and the postmaster came in.

The clerk held up the letter; "Mr. Santa Claus—address not given! Are you acquainted with the gentleman's residence?"

Mr. Morris took the envelope and laughed, also, as he glanced at it, and was about to throw it down when a sudden vision of four little maids, with an unquestioning faith in Santa Claus, rose before him.

"Perhaps I can find the gentleman," he said, with a twinkle in his kind blue eyes, and putting the envelope into his pocket he walked away.

It was Christmas eve. There had been a heavy snowstorm the day before, and it had cleared off very cold. The people were muffled in furs to their eyes—if they had the furs—and hurried along over the crisp snow, which sang sharp little songs under their feet. The rude wind wrestled with them at the street corners, making the gentlemen catch wildly at their hats, and fluttering ribbons and veils in the faces of the ladies.

Jack Frost played coarse practical jokes upon everybody and everything within his reach, so that the market boys felt obliged to run with the turkeys and turnips, blowing the while upon their aching fingers or rubbing their smarting ears.

The newsboys, with mufflers and caps pulled closely down, held their papers under their arms and their hands in their pockets, and thrashed one foot against the other, while they called in cold voices to the passer-by, "Paper, sir, paper?"

The heavens were studded with gleaming stars which blinked merrily down on the hurrying throng; and through uncurtained windows were glimpses of gay Christmas trees with happy children dancing around them, and smiling fathers and mothers looking on.

Holly wreaths hung in profusion and festoons of evergreen and mistletoe adorned the walls; and over these happy scenes played the flickering light of the "yule" log's glow.

The church bells rang merrily, and the organ's deep note pealed forth upon the night winds; lights streamed from the windows and through the doors as they swung to and fro, while softly on the listening ear stole the sound of voices singing, of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

But the peace and warmth and glow had not reached French street, first chimney two flights down.

There was a little fire—just enough to give it the name—but it seemed an empty title.

The curtain was not drawn—what need of that? since the frost had worked so thick a screen that not even a loving star could peep in with a happy Christmas greeting. Mrs. Hill, with an old shawl over her shoulders, sat close to the table, with a dim kerosene lamp beside her.

She was blue with the cold, and her fingers were so stiff that the needle went laboriously through the heavy seam. Her tired eyes filled with tears now and again, but she dashed them away—every minute was precious; for if the coat was not finished to-night and taken back there was a sorry outlook for to-morrow. And the thought of the empty larder and coal-hod nerved her to frantic efforts at faster working; and when the clock outside told the hour of eight it sent a colder thrill through her frame.

Arthur, in spite of the cold, had pulled off one of his stockings, and was looking ruefully at a large hole in the toe.

"Look!" he said, holding it up before his mother, with a comical expression on his little mottled face.

"O, Arthur, how you do wear your stockings out! I mended them all up last Saturday night."

"But it comed right through again!" and Arthur glanced from the yawning stocking toe to his mother's tired face, then back again to the stocking.

"Do you s'pose the presents will come through?"

"No, I am afraid they won't," she said, half bitterly.

"But I don't want 'em to!" and he looked up with a perplexed expression at his mother, who was afraid his presents wouldn't come through.

He examined the hole again, taking its dimensions by thrusting three fingers through it and thrusting them apart.

Yes, there was no doubt a good sized toy could squeeze through the hole.

"Can you mend it, mother?"

"O, Arthur, don't ask me to do anything!" she answered, fretfully, and Arthur moved away a little; for never in his life before had he heard his mother speak like that.

But the next instant she reached out her arm, and snatched him passionately to her heart.

"Arthur, dear, mother is sorry that she spoke like that to you," and she kissed the little cold face, while the tears—so near the surface—rained over her own face and his. "I am tired, but that is no reason for my speaking crossly to you; and mother will mend the stocking before she goes to bed."

Arthur put his arms around her neck. "You'll have a happy Christmas," he said, looking up into her face with beaming eyes; and her tears started afresh as she looked at his hopeful face and thought of the gloomy prospect.

"I wish I could make a fire and warm you before you go to bed," she said, rubbing his blue cheeks with her cold fingers, "and give you something to eat."

"I ain't much hungry," he answered, with a brave smile.

"If I finish this coat in time I shall get something to eat, and I will wake you up and give you some," and kissing him she turned back to her work and began that



"DO YOU S'POSE THE PRESENTS WILL COME THROUGH?"

weary stitch, stitch.

Arthur hung up his stocking, and, going back to his mother, pulled the shawl away a little and kissed her on the neck—a form of caress which did not interfere with the needle—and with a bright face opened the bedroom door and shut himself in. How cold it was! for the door had been shut all day, that what heat there was might be kept in the kitchen. He would like to have opened it, for a ray of light from his mother's dim lamp, but it would make her colder; so he kicked off his shoes, not parting with very much else, for it was too cold to undress, and jumped into bed and in a few minutes was fast asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of Christmas feastings and Santa Claus.

Arthur had not been dreaming long when a low knock startled Mrs. Hill.

What could it mean? And she trembled a little as she walked to the door and opened it.

A kind-faced man with merry blue eyes was standing there; he had very fat pockets, and a sled in one hand and a parcel in the other; and Mrs. Hill trembled more than ever, but from quite another emotion than fear.

Mr. Morris explained his errand; and as he stepped into the room there was a sound of other footsteps in the little entry, but he shut the door and unloaded his pockets and laid his parcels down.

"My children sent these things to Arthur," he said, laughing, as bags of candy, nuts and raisins came out in company with "jumping jacks" and picture books. "I hope Arthur won't be offended," and he drew a little doll from the depths of one pocket.

"My children are all girls, and the youngest one looked so disappointed when I suggested that a doll was not just the thing for a boy that I concluded to bring it along."

Mrs. Hill had hardly spoken; her eyes required a good deal of attention, and her lips had an overmastering tendency to tremble; Mr. Morris, to relieve her, looked as little as possible in her direction.

But finally there was an end to apples and oranges, toys, strings of popcorn and candy, and the rest of his errand must be accomplishd; so, clearing his throat, and looding hard at the ceiling, he said:

"My wife thought the nicest thing for the mother would be a ton of coal and a barrel of flour."

Poor Mrs. Hill—poor Mr. Morris! for it was almost as trying for one as the other; he walked to the window and examined the frost-work; it was so thick and fine that he glanced at the stove next, and then at the empty woodbox and scuttle. The table, with its dim light, rows of spools and scissors, with the unfinished coat in the chair, told the story plainly.

Mrs. Hill looked up at last, and tried to thank him; and Mr. Morris said how happy they had all been in answering Arthur's letter; and he looked so happy as he said it that no one could have doubted him. Then he opened the door and a man set a large basket inside and went away directly.

"I shall see you again, Mrs. Hill, and I hope you and Arthur will both have a very merry Christmas. Good-night," and he had gone before Mrs. Hill could speak. He went directly to a coal dealer and ordered a bag of coal and a basket of wood sent at once, and did not leave the place until he had seen them on their way.

Mrs. Hill was still sitting in the chair where Mr. Morris had left her when the heavy step of the men with the coal and wood, and their loud knock at the door, roused her from her reverie.

The first thing she did after they had gone was to make a rousing fire. How it crackled and snapped! and she bent over the stove and rubbed her stiff fingers in the genial warmth. Then she took Arthur's stocking, with the yawning toe, and quickly mended the big toe and put the toys in. The candy bags and strings of popcorn she hung around it, and piled the apples and oranges in a plate on the shelf above, and stood the shining new sled beneath, with the skates, mittens and woolen scarf hanging over it.

What a fine show it made! and how she longed to catch Arthur out of bed to see it! but she wanted the room to get warmer first; and then there was the basket to be unpacked.

She folded away the coat—not finished, but that did not matter now—and smiled brightly as she picked up her spools and scissors and thought of the day of rest before her.

There was everything in that basket—at least so thought Mrs. Hill. Two pies; a loaf of cake; another of bread; little heart-shaped cakes, sugared in pink and white; a plum pudding; butter; tea; coffee; sugar; cranberries; a bag of sweet potatoes; a squash; a turnip; two glasses of jelly, and a turkey. The little table was loaded; it had never groaned beneath such a weight before.

Mrs. Hill hung the holly wreath, which had lain on the top of the basket, in the window; then opened the bedroom door.

"Arthur," she said softly, bending over him; but Arthur did not move. She kissed him on the lips; he puckered up his mouth, opened it and closed it again, with a deep breath, and was as fast asleep as ever.

"Arthur, do you want to hear about Santa Claus?" The sleepy eyes opened and he rubbed them with his little fists.

"W-h-a-t?"

"I thought you would like to hear about Santa Claus; your presents have come."

Arthur was wide awake—as what boy would not have been—and sprang out of bed.

"Didn't he come quick?" and he stood in the bedroom door, his eyes still blinking, looking from the chimney to the table and from the table back to the chimney and then up to his mother's face.

She drew him to the stove, and settling down took him on her lap.

"I didn't 'spect so much!" he exclaimed finding his tongue at last; "but ain't it jolly—jolly!" and clapping his hands together he threw his arms so tightly around his mother's neck that he nearly stopped her breath and gave her a sounding kiss.

"The stockin's full—an' you mended the hole!" and he got down on the floor and peered under it. "It's all sewed up tight!" Then he pulled down the sled and skates tried on the mittens, wound the scarf around his neck, scraped acquaintance with the candy, and took a bite out of the shining apple.

Words! words were weak for the expression of his satisfaction; so he danced up and down the room, and clapped his hands, and laughed and whistled, and finally turned a somersault in the intensity of his joy.

Then he and his mother had their Christmas supper in the warm room, with the fire-light shining through the cracks of the usually grim old stove. And they talked of this glad evening—for somehow the bitterness of the beginning had passed from the mother's mind, and the old carol which sings that "night is passed" most fitly expressed the thought of her thankful heart.

"I can see a star!" Arthur cried, and sure enough the frost had melted a little and a star was peeping in; oh, more that one! two, three—yes, several shining down on the poor little home, as they had shone, long years before, on lonely Judea and telling again the old yet ever new story of the Christ-child's birth, and of love and peace on earth.—Annie J. Holland in Household Monthly.

# THE WITCH'S STRONG-BOX.

By Eva Wilder McGlasson.

Henneker had not enjoyed it. The Christmas-eve merry-making was near its end, and he had not joined in the dancing at all, but with a brooding eye and a heavy heart had lounged about the long bare hallway in company with a young widower from Ways Store, whose notions of propriety kept him from taking active part.

A weed of crape still wrapped the young widower's hat, its hue tempered by half a year's changes of weather. His affliction forbade him bread to the full, but it permitted him any crumbs that might fall from the table where joy sat feasting.

"I don't know as they'd be any real harm in my footing a round or two," he informed Henneker, "but I won't hev it narrated about that I didn't pay proper respect. Her cousin is here, too. I reckon I done just as well not to take part to-night." He added: "Say, Clint, I 'preciate your keeping me comp'ny, but you oughtn't hev done it. You ought to hev gone in the room and hed a good time. Thar's one dance yet. You better go and take it in."

Henneker, his hands pocketed, frowned a little. "I haven't wanted to dance," he said.

The other man regarded him with growing speculation. "You and Boonie Curd," he suggested—"ain't you and her friendly as you was?"

Henneker laughed coldly. He was a slim young fellow with a blonde head, a big mouth, and gray eyes which sat deep and had a dreamy kind of humor in their depths.

"It doesn't look much like it," he exclaimed, casting off the last rag of reserve which had helped to mask his unhappiness.

A vague enlightenment stole into the other's face. His lips pursed in a silent whistle of comprehension.

In the low-ceiled room beyond them the carpet had been taken up, and the feet of the dancers clattering on the boards confused the notes of the banjo and violin. Now and again in changes of the dance Henneker caught a glimpse of the musicians, two black boys, whose faces, relieved by the whitewashed wall, had the distinction of a charcoal sketch, the high lights softly taken from cheek and chin and flat nostril. Candles were burning low along the mantel, threading out in smoky red and swaying crazily in cross-currents of air. Under them, making their light sick, a big log flamed. Some prickly branches of holly, gleaming black and white, were stuck behind a high-hung picture representing a long-haired woman firmly clinging to a cheerful-looking blue cross decorated with red and yellow roses.

Henneker's friend, slowly and laboriously putting two and two together, turned on the young man a look of sympathy. "She came over from Ways Store to-night with—let's see—with Will Hinkle, didn't she?" he remarked. "Come to think of it, she's ben dancin' with him sort of steady-comp'ny like and settled. But, pleg it all, Clint, you're a better man than Hinkle! Why don't you he'p yourself out of this?" He lifted his voice to a loud pitch of cordial expostulation. "Maybe you've hurted her feelings some way." Inclining himself confidentially, he added: "They're easy to handle once you git the hang of 'em, women is. Being married now, a man gits to know a heap. If I could give you a few points——"

But Henneker only said, "They're breaking up, ain't they? I thought Tucker'd be the last."

He moved away as a throng of girls came trooping into the hall, getting their wraps from a pile on a chest.

A sharpness of night air cut in as some one opened the door. Men were lighting lanterns outside. In the uncertain light Henneker saw the double team which had brought over a dozen or more guests from Ways Store, six miles south.

A girl, tying a three-cornered white thing over her head, stepped up to Henneker. He was lurching into a rough overcoat, and he kept on stolidly adjusting his shoulders.

"Clint," she said, gently.

He set his lips tight, looking into her face as if he saw it at a long distance.

There was no coquetry in the girl's brown-lashed eyes. Their expression was of a sort easily to be defined as sweet. Her cheeks were softly indented with dimples, and there was a certain childlike abstraction in the lines of her parted lips.

Henneker's braced chin underwent a suspicion of movement. She kept on looking at him, her white dress showing in a stiff ruffle below the blue fringes of her shawl.

"You did'nt ask me to dance to-night," she said.

"I reckon you didn't care much," Henneker muttered.

A pretty pinkness pulsed in her cheek." "Yes, I did so. I just hate to have you mad at me."

"Mad—I—"

"Because it ain't my fault, Clint. Paw and them just went on so I had to say I'd quit going with you."

"I presume they find Hinkle more to their taste."

"Paw says he's steady and saving. You see—you've been real wild, Clint." He dropped his head. "And you've never laid nothing by, and paw says a girl's a goose to think of marrying a man that hasn't even a box-house to take her to. You see"—she stammered a little—"you see Hinkle owns that lot next to the church. He's going to put up a two-storey house on it with a porch, and paw says—"

Henneker turned on her with a white cheek and a glittering eye. "You're going to marry him, then?"

"I—I 'ain't promised for sure." She breathed hurriedly, shivering away from him just as Hinkle's face showed in the doorway.

"Team's waiting," he called out, smiling, his cheeks freshened with frosty air. "You ready, Miss Boonie? Come on, then. I got a warm corner fixed for you."

Henneker watched him help the girl into the wagon. Others were climbing over the low sides, scrambling for seats on the rough cross boards, burying their feet in the hay bedding.

"Why, there's no place for Henneker!" shouted some one.

There was a general moving up, and Henneker, just aware of standing gloomily unconscious of being left behind, found a place on the back seat as the horses dashed into the night. He sat, with his collar high, listening to scraps of song and jest. The white thing on Boonie Curd's head fluttered a long end mockingly over her shoulder. She laughed gayly as Hinkle bent to whisper something in her ear. Watching it all, Henneker's heart swelled with bitterness.

The horses' feet clattered along the stony road. Now and then a spark flashed from their hoofs. To the left a range of hills blackened the low sky, across which, like a silk scarf, a milky light drifted. Far ahead, through a net-work of bare boughs, a little redness broke.

Some one said: "Look at that light, will you? The witch is up early for Christmas morning. Wonder what she's doing out of bed away past midnight?"

The light came nearer. In the flash of the lanterns at the wagon's front a small way-side house sprang suddenly into view, its bleached walls appearing to start back as if abashed at the unexpected noises.

It was the poorest sort of house. A rotting clap-boarded roof slunk hollowly over a floorless porch, its weight upheld by three tree boles. These, rough with bark and knots, stood bald and black in the light, something cruciflcial in their grouping. On the middle trunk an old vine contorted itself, its leafless tangles shrouded in lingering snow to the vague semblance of an anguished human form.

A mutter of running water close at hand lent the night a mournful voice.

The man who was driving slackened speed. "Let's give a big holler," he suggested. "Let's wish the old lady merry Chris'mas. All together, now!"

Henneker, from his back seat, could see straight into the scrap of a window, its panes streaked with the flaming of a few sticks on the stone hearth. He could see, crouching over the fire, a bent, ancient figure with a crone's cap on its head. A whiff of smoke whitened the pipe at its lips. Its hands held a smallish box, black and heavy-looking, into which the scythe-like profile peered.

As the shout of the wagon load went up suddenly, shrilly, the old woman, clutching the box to her breast, lifted a face of alarm. Henneker caught her startled gesture as the team jolted by, going down the hill to a shallow ford outlying Ways Store.

"Scared her out of a year's growth!" laughed Hinkle.

It was quite right that she should be scared, this unaccountable old woman who lived in the house by the branch. She was entitled to no special consideration, having neither kinsfolk nor belongings. She could not even entertain chance visitors with a fund of old crony lore, for something was wrong with her palate, it was said, and all her efforts at speech were a mere incoherent babble.

Nor was she valuable in an occult way as a mixer of potions, a builder of spells. Once a girl who had quarrelled with her sweetheart sought the old house, beseeching some magic to right matters. But though the speechless old woman was called a witch, she could only gabble out an unintelligible pity for her visitor, who went away indignant.

Having no glamor of black-art upon it, the witch's appearance was not prepossessing. She was bent and brown and skinny, her black eyes like shining seeds which burst half out of withered yellow pods. Her nose was a rusty hook. Her lips sucked in. Over her notes of temples a film of gray hair spread like ashes.

Ways Store had a primitive ideal of old age, and she was not cast on the lines of its conception.

What was more fatally against her even than her looks was the fact that no one knew who she was, or where she had come from, or what she lived on. The cabin had been deserted for years. One morning its chimney gasped with smoke, and there was the old woman.

Ways Store grew accustomed to her. She did bits of work as she could get it. If any village wife, moved with cheap benevolence, gave her scraps of bread and cold bacon, she took the offering with a grateful mutter.

"She don't hev to ask nothin' off of no person," observed a hamlet philosopher. "I wouldn't wonder if she hed a plenty laid by. My boy Bud 'lows she's got a pot-metal box hid away that she prizes high. He see her put it onder the harf stones. Nobody knows what she's got laid by. A man from up yender that was passin' through here claimed to know what she was. He claimed she had a only son that made her sign over all her propputy, and then laid out to put her in the poor-farm ter hev the town pervide fer her. This man said she got wind of it and put out. He said he bet she took away money her son hadn't got his hands on. Well, you can't tell. She lives mighty poor-folksy, but I've heerd tell of misers that starved rather than touch their pile."

No one paid much attention to these reports. The witch caused only two ripples in the social pool of Ways Store—at her coming and at her going.

For, late Christmas morning, as Henneker came down to breakfast, red-eyed and wretched, his mother, on her knees at the oven door basting a turkey, said, "Did you hear John Beasley just now talking at the gate, Clint? Seems the old woman in the log house yender is dead. Beasley went to fetch her a Christmas basket his wife hed fixed up, and he pounded around and couldn't raise no one, so he jest busted the button off the door, and there she was layin' on the shuck mattress I give her, right stiff. Seems real sad, dyin' alone that way. Old age, I reckon."

Henneker forgot his troubles for a moment to recall the withered shale of a figure he had seen so few hours before, far spent in its humanity, but still alive.

A tooting of holiday horns enlivened the village. Occasionally a package of fire-crackers went off, its noise drowned in boys' shouts.

Overhead was a stretch of sky gray and rough as a cobble-stone road. Old weeds and grasses speared through a slight sheet of snow, augmented later on by a straggling fall of flaccid flakes which struck Henneker's cheek as he came from the barn with a touch as of dead fingers.

He stopped to stare toward the lot on which Hinkle was going to put up his house. It would make something of a figure among the other town houses, most of them low and old, the few new ones unambitious shells of lavender and green with peaked roofs and hooded front doors. Henneker could see the two stores with their shuttered windows, the white church running up to a point in front, the brown roof of the mill in which he worked, and beyond all, on a hill-side, the long front of the house where Boonie Curd lived.

A blanketed saddle-horse pranced at the gate, and Henneker turned away with a groan.

He was paying dear for those experiences which had won him the name of being wild.

Yet Henneker felt that there was nothing in his life so black but that Boonie's father would have overlooked it had Henneker's possessions warranted a charitable eye.

Some one called him. A man passing in the road came lounging toward the fence.

Henneker approached him. "Howdy, Beasley," he said.

The other man, leaning on the fence, went over his morning adventure. "My nerves ain't right steady yet," he declared. "Well, I reckon we done about all we could. The women went in and straightened things neighbor-like. Can't do nothing about the burying till Stark gits back from Pineyville. Bein' justice of the peace, it's his place to see to things. I'm kind of played out, traipsin' around huntin' some one to set up to-night. Look like it ain't Christian to leave the pore old soul layin' thar by herself. She was ugly as home-made sin, and smoked terbacker and dipped snuff; but I say this, some one ought to be willin' to set up to-night. Most of the young crowd's goin' to a doin's over at Hank Sherill's. Bein' Christmas night, every one's got something on hand." He shook several snow-flakes from his sleeve. "You're goin' to Sherill's, I reckon?"

Henneker said no, adding, "I'll put in about ten hours' sleep to-night."

Beasley came nearer. "Say," he said, persuasively, "now, honest, Clint, do you think it looks right to leave that pore old thing alone to-night?"

"Oh!" said Henneker, catching at the others, meaning, "you want me to— Well, it isn't a pleasant job. But some one'll have to do it for me some time."

He added mentally, with the safe recklessness of warm pulses, that he did not care how soon his friends were called on for this office.

Beasley's face diffused a look of relief. "Of course I'll git some one to keep you comp'ny," he assured Henneker. "You go over about dark—hunh?—and if I don't raise nobody else, I'll come myself just as soon as I can git away. We got folks asked to supper."

Henneker felt a gloomy sense of fitness in the enterprise before him. His mother, a languid woman with bands of yellow-white hair, fretted a little.

"Some older person ought to offer. You givin' up the party and all! 'Taint right. You're always givin' up and doin' things for people and gittin' no thanks. Makes me right mad, so it does. You're too easy, Clint; yes, you are. You give up too quick. Boonie Curd liked you a heap. Needn't tell me! You ought to've kept right on goin' to see her. Her paw'll leave her well off when he dies."

The door shut on her son's form. She heard his feet on the road.

Opening the door, she cried: "Clint! Aw, Clint! Come back and let me do you up a little snack of lunch."

But there was no reply. Henneker, going at a smart pace, was already out of ear-shot.

It seemed to him that a peculiar gloominess thralled the night. The sky was like an overturned silver bowl, and the tree-tops about it were a woful tracery in black of flying forms and winged pursuers with uplifted spears. Now and then in an open space of the horizon it was as if hunters and hunted had fallen in a heap, some stray sapling straining up like an arm of appeal.

A bell boomed faint and far, perhaps from the church or school-house in the hamlet beyond, where, as at Ways Store, Christmas jollity was forward for the many, while the ill-starred few sat alone, or, like Henneker, trudged on some errand of sorrow. He could see moving lights in cross-lanes and outlying fields—the lanterns of those who fared to the frolic at Sherill's. Occasionally these were near enough for Henneker to catch an echoing voice. One light lanced the dusk just ahead of him. The figures of a man and a girl came in view. They regarded him curiously as he swung by, his eyes down.

"I believe it was Clint Henneker," said the man with a laugh. "That's just who it was, Miss Boonie. He's going over to sit up at the cabin. Beasley tried to work me in for it, but I said, 'Not any, thank you kindly.' Holidays only come once a year."

The girl shuddered. "It's awful—to be there alone with—with—"

"Oh, Clint won't mind it."

Henneker went on down the jagged slope leading to the creek's edge, at which an icy gleam nibbled. Across the low water a long plank stretched a dark arm. Straight ahead the log house made a grayish spot upon the dark hill. Some one had left a lantern at the door. It stood hard by the middle porch tree, staining the snow garb of the twisted vine to a pale crimson. Icicles hanging from the grasping branches had a strange effect of movement and color, like a dripping of something red and thick.

Henneker, his lantern held ahead, pushed the door open. He had a certain qualm at the idea of entering, but there was nothing in the poor room to alarm a man, unless he feared some power in the restful figure on the high bed. The hearth was swept. Two wood chairs decorously sat against the wall. Everything was in order. A bunch of dried herbs hung in a corner over the witch's few cooking things.

Hoping Beasley would come soon, Henneker put his lantern down. It was very cold, but he was not sure it would be right to build a fire. As he sat there looking toward the sheeted figure, he grew less timorous of its peaks and stiffness and straight lines. This was the inevitable ending of the human story unhackneyed by repetition. The tale of what we are was happily finished by one who had been poor and old and alone, whose heart-stirring days were so far past that even their memory must have had a graveyard savor.

Henneker pictured the old creature as he had seen her the night before, crouching over the niggard cheer of her spare fire, hugging her box. A sudden remembrance flashed on him.

Of late years village gossip had dealt little with the subject of the old woman's wealth. In the face of her meager living the idea of hoarded gold under the hearth-stones had long since ceased to invite discussion; but the vivid interest these once current tales had had for his boyhood recurred to Henneker, and he wondered if the box he had seen was the treasure-box.

He thought of its bulky look. If it held coin, it seemed likely that the contents might be considerable. Henneker pondered as to its probable disposition. It would go to the State, no doubt, the money which the old woman had hoarded—miserable money destined never to make any one happy. For to Henneker's mind the State was simply an abstraction. He thought of dungeons lined with iron-bound safes full to the doors of bags of bullion, available only for those sacred governmental uses which he respected without seeking to understand.

The witch's savings could scarcely be of much use to the State, a mere drop in that sea of gold which he fancied.

Henneker glanced toward the hearth. Reaching out his foot, he tried a stone that looked loose. It tilted, grating on something metallic.

At the sound Henneker drew back, shaking a little. The gray shade of an intention slipped furtively upon him. If he had money enough to build a house, even a very little house, how different life would look!

The face of Boonie Curd glimpsed upon him, as sweet and fresh from among the dark tangles of his thoughts as a wild rose buds in a thorny hedge. Just as she looked at him in this fleeting vision she was perhaps looking at Hinkle in reality, all a bewildering mixture of white muslin and blue ribbons and brown soft curls.

Henneker started to his feet, fired to action. As he kneeled on the hearth-stone he felt the presence of a lean old shape which menaced him with a vanishing finger.

The witch's eyes gloomed on him from every shadow. The wisp of dry herbs, stirring in a draught, crackled with boding noises. Whisperings and chill breaths filled the place, but Henneker's face had in it a purpose which put out fear. His lips were locked and white. He felt like one who had gained some unearthly power through a covenant with hell.

The stone came easily up. In an instant Henneker had dragged a rusty iron box out. The lid had a tongue which fitted over a knob in the front edge. Henneker, fumbling with this, felt it yield in his hand.

It seemed to him suddenly that he caught a sound outside, a sound blended of footsteps and voices softly rising and falling. Stumbling up, he held himself to listen.

There was a little faltering, half-scared tap at the door. Henneker stood nerveless, his eyes on the shaking panels. A girl's voice rung out, calling his name. Then the latchless door swung in, showing a pale small face under a blue shawl.

"Why, Clint, you didn't hear me, did you? I knocked twice. Oh, goodness, is that her? I—I'm afraid to come in. Why, say, I heard you were here, and I just couldn't stand it—you poor thing!"

At her tones Henneker had an odd sense of lucidity, as one coming to himself after a delirium. He seemed to see the iron box for the first time.

The girl stepped tremulously over the threshold.

"Cousin Ed. came along with me—he's waiting out yonder. We run off from Sherrill's. I reckon every one's wondering. Come on, Clint, we're going to take you back with us." Then, at the wildness in his face, which, she saw on nearer view, her fear and embarrassment seemed to depart. "Clint, you—you're not mad at me? Why, say, I—I'm not going to marry Hinkle. I can't help what paw says." She stole closer, holding out her hands.

Henneker drew a catching breath. A sob rose to his dry lips, a sob of such thankfulness as blotted out even the little appealing figure before him.

The blue shawl had slipped down, and Boonie stood all in white, her childlike face prefiguring to Henneker's wet eyes the countenances which angels have.

Stepping toward her, his heel caught, and there was a small clatter on the bare floor. The box had turned over on the stones of the hearth, its lid gaping.

"Was that the witch's box?" breathed Boonie.

Standing close, they cast toward it a fearful glance.

Nothing had spilled out. It held safe as ever the witch's treasure, and in the dim lantern rays this seemed to be a child's worn shoe of some by-gone vogue, and a handful of yellow curls, such as might have grown on a child's head.

### Women's Ways.

"Have you registered?" one citizen was overheard inquiring of another.

"Registered what?"

"Registered to vote."

"No, I have not."

"But aren't you going to?"

"No, I am not."

"Don't you intend to vote?"

"What can I vote for?"

"School officers, and so on," said the gentle chirper.

"I think it is a privilege that we women have something to say in such matters."

"I don't. I don't call any sop a privilege. If my husand inverted Bluebeard's plan and gave me one little room in the house and kept me out of all the others, I shouldn't cackle very loud about my privileges. I shouldn't let a man know I wanted to vote. I merely reserve the right of censership over him while he votes. It infuriates me to see women rushing to the polls to deposit ballots on school matters, as if they hadn't brains enough to comprehend anything apart from the rearing of children. Am I going to eat anybody else's apple core? Do I want to chew his gum while he rests his jaws? Let him get down on all fours and prostrate himself before me. When I vote Mr. Man will bring me an unrestricted ballot on a salver and say with his best bow, 'Madame, will you do us the favor to go the polls with us?'"

"O, my dear, he'll never do it."

"Then let him keep his ballot to himself."

"But there are more issues than personal feeling at stake. Of course those who are interested in public affairs would like to be treated handsomely—"

"If there is one thing the American woman has learned, it is to make men treat her handsomely. Our men are the best trained in the world—the loveliest, the most adorable—really the most self-sacrificing. But in order to keep them so we must stay off what they in their stupidity consider their own ground. Let them claim it; we own them. Do you think I am going to come down in the esteem of these fellows we have taken so much pains to subdue by trying to run a little side show to their big circus election? Decidedly no, ma'ame. They are welcome to their ballot. But I shall be sorry for them after we get through with them if they don't vote to suit us."

The common person, having this talk forced on his ears, meditated about the perverseness of women and their inability to appreciate that opening wedge called a concession.

Though, of course, we have the best trained women in the world—the loveliest, the most adorable—really the most self-sacrificing.

### Guard Your Faith.

There was a shipwreck in mid-ocean. The captain and several of the crew on a dark night got out into the lifeboat. The wind blew out the lantern. "Have any of you a match?" asked the captain. After a long search just one match was found. On shore that match would not be worth half a cent, but now it is the most valuable thing they have, because, in order to be picked up by a passing vessel they must have a light. The sailors take off their coats, cold as it is, and hang them all around the match when it is struck, that the wind may not blow it out. Your faith, worthless in itself as the world may deem it, is the light that attracts the attention of God and of angels. It is the thing that saves you. Guard it at whatever expense. To be wrecked in faith is to be wrecked in character.

## THE FAIRIES' CHRISTMAS BELLS.

In days of old, so we are told, before our grandsires' days,
There dwelt with men, upon earth then, a race of fairy fays;
Good angels too they proved to be, and many a mortal man,
They helped in times of trouble dire, as only fairies can.

For years they lived and worked and loved, but strange, they ne'er grew old,
Their lives were always beautiful, their hearts as true as gold;
And when from earth the fairy fays were banished, history tells,
They took up their abode in sweetly chiming Christmas bells.

So now there lies in every bell a smiling fairy fay,
'Way up above the busy world, they dwell from day to day;
Forbidden as of yore, to tread the earth in latter times,
They send their messages to us in sweetest Christmas chimes.

A tiny bell the silence breaks, and joyfully it sings,
The greetings from the little fay whose message kind it brings;
"The time of peace is with you now, good people all and true,
Bring happiness to others, and 'twill surely come to you."

Another bell exclaims in tones a trifle louder still,
"I bring to earth, to all mankind, the message of good-will;
This Christmas time may be for you the happiest ever known,
Seek out some worthy child of God—don't pass the day alone."

Another breathes of charity, and love enduring long,
And tells the story of its fay in bursts of magic song;
And hope and faith and thankfulness and sweet religion, too,
Are chimed in turns by other bells—a message ever new.

Peal after peal, and chime on chime, wake echoes sweet and low,
As o'er the land on Christmas Day the fairy greetings go;
Perfuming all the air and making glad each troubled soul,
As onward, upward through the years, the tuneful chimings roll.

Dear people, when you hear the gentle tones to Heaven rise,
Thank God for His dear Christmas, and the time of glad surprise;
And when you're pouring out your souls in joyous Christmas praise,
Look up to yonder steeple, and bless all the fairy fays!

## SPAIN'S WAY.

### Public Invited to Witness the Strangling of Sequestrors in Havana.

A copy of the newspaper La Lucha, published in Havana, Cuba, September 21, was brought to port by one of the crew of the Earn Line steamer Earnford, which vessel was in Havana on that date.

An advertisement in La Lucha notifies the public that on the evening of September 21, Francisco Barroso y Ruel, convicted of the crimes of rebellion and incendiarism, will enter the chapel and there make his peace with God before his execution the following morning, when he will be shot in the ditch of Laurel Grove.

"The Strangling" is the headline of another advertisement calling the public attention to the fact that on the following day, at 7 a. m., Manuel Rodriguez Rivero, Amador Perez Garcia and Nito Santa Cruz will be placed in the chapel of the condemned and be strangled the day after. The execution was advertised to take place in the ditch of Laurel Grove. Their crime was brigandage or being sequestrors.

The garroting or strangling of the sequestrors was witnessed by one of the crew of the Earnford. Long before the hour of the execution Laurel Grove, which is a square surrounded by a high wall, and adjoining Moro Castle, was crowded with people who made a fringe of humanity on the top of the walls.

The garrote was in the middle of the square upon a platform so situated that all the spectators could see it. The first of the sequestrors was a white man, who was accompanied by a priest, four attendants and a guard of soldiers. He was smoking a cigarette with all the nonchalance of a man going to a wedding feast instead of being the subject of his own funeral.

He took his seat in the fatal chair, but refused to wear the white cap, with openings for the eyes, which was attached as a cowl to his robe. The executioner deftly arranged the collar around the man's neck. All was ready in a moment and the executioner gave a turn of a screw and bore down a lever. In five minutes a physician made an examination of the grinning corpse in the chair and declared life extinct. The body was removed by the four attendants and thrown behind the platform upon which the garrote stood.

The others, who were colored men, were dispatched in the same way, but were longer in dying than their white companion. Their bodies were thrown on the ground, to be buried, it was said, in a pit, where the bodies of all victims are thrown and covered with quicklime.

The executioner is a life prisoner, who is paid $17 in gold for each man garroted, which he is allowed to spend upon himself. He was dressed in black, with stripes of white on the back of his coat, such as prisoners in the penitentiary wear. Three months previously he had performed his first work as an executioner. He bungled the job so badly that his predecessor, a powerful black man, was called in to finish the job.

### What Worried Him.

Mr. Childs was leaving the Ledger office one night very late when he heard an alarm of fire and an old man came running down the stairs. Mr. Childs asked him his business. "I'm going to report that fire," said the old man. "How long have you been a reporter on this paper?" asked Mr. Childs. "Fourteen years," said the old man. "Well," said Mr. Childs, "you go back to the city editor and tell him I say send somebody who is younger." The old man obeyed. He was told afterward that he need not report for duty again. Mr. Childs had pensioned him. A year or so after that the man who told me the story happened to enter Mr. Childs' office just as the pensioner was leaving. The great editor was laughing. The pensioner, he said, had come in with a great deal of worry on his mind to ask a serious question. "Don't you get your money regularly?" asked Mr. Childs. "Oh, yes," answered the man, "but it has worried me a lot lately, sir; it has worried me a lot to know what's going to become of me when you die."—Washington Post.

### All the World Alike.

"A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, showing the visitor through the ancient English church where the noble families were interred.

"Same way over in our country," replied the visitor; "why don't they get a better preacher?"—Yonker's Statesman.

**Qu'Appelle Observatory.**

Reading of the thermometer for the week ending Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1896.

| | Maximum. | Minimum |
|---|---|---|
| Wednesday, Dec. 23 | 21 | 12 |
| Thursday, Dec. 24 | 22 | 3 |
| Friday, Dec. 25 | 23 | 8 |
| Saturday, Dec. 26 | 24 | 8 |
| Sunday, Dec 27 | 33 | 16 |
| Monday, Dec. 28 | 34 | 26 |
| Tuesday, Dec. 29 | 31 | 9 |

WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY.

| | 6 a.m. | 1 p.m. | 6 p.m. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wednesday | s w 4 | w 8 | s w 6 |
| Thursday | s 6 | s 12 | s w 14 |
| Friday | s w 12 | s w 8 | s 14 |
| Saturday | s 14 | s 12 | s 20 |
| Sunday | s 22 | s w 20 | s 14 |
| Monday | w 14 | w 8 | s w 10 |
| Tuesday | s 24 | w 38 | s w 28 |

**Churning Done in Ten Minutes.**

I have tried the Lightning Churn, you recently described in your paper, and it is certainly a wonder. I can churn in less than one minute, and the butter is elegant, and you get considerably more butter than when you use a common churn. I took the agency for the churn here and every butter maker that sees it buys one. I have sold three since Xmas and they give the best of satisfaction. I know that I can sell 100 in the township, as the churn so quickly, make so much more butter than common churns and are so cheap. Someone in every township can make two or three hundred dollars selling these churns. By advertising J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, Mo., you can get circulars and full information so you can make big money right at home. I have made $80 the past two weeks and I never had anything to my life before. A FARMER

# Local and General

A Happy & New Year

—Wheat, No. 1 hard 58c.

—Capt French, Fort Qu'Appelle was in town Tuesday.

—Mr. F. Osler expects to return to the Kootenay next week.

—Mrs. A. Raymond returned from Winnipeg this morning.

—Mr. Cecil Bell of Regina, is spending a few days in town.

—Mr William McFarlane went down to Brandon on Tuesday.

—W. G. Haultain, of Indian Head, has been appointed a notary public.

—Mr. J. A. Cowan left on Sunday to visit his brother in Vancouver, B.C.

—Mr. E. MacCaul, of the Massey-Harris Co., Moose Jaw, spent Christmas in town.

—Mr. Morgan, of the elevator, is confined to his bed with an attack of La Grippe.

—Fire on Saturday last destroyed the stable of the Presbyterian manse, Moose Jaw.

—Misses Beatrice and Lizzie Scott left on Monday for the ranch at MacDonald Hills.

—The total capitalization of Canadian mining companies aggregates over $29,000,000.

—Messrs W. Van Patter and G. Davidson of Indian Head, spent Xmas day with friends here.

Dr. James Creamer of Regina, is spending a few days with his brother, Dr. J. P. Creamer, Ross Hill farm

—Mr. Robert Tate, formerly teacher at Springbrook, leaves this week for Winnipeg to take a term at Wesley college.

—The dramatic performance that is to be given on the 12th January, at Indian Head, promises, from all accounts, to be something pretty good.

—Messrs MacCaul, Dickson, E. C. Bryce and Chesterfield left on Monday for a shooting trip in the vicinity of Birch Lake. They are after large game.

—A lady's fur collar was found in the town hall at the close of the entertainment on Christmas night, and may be had on application to Mr. A. T. Bailey.

—Mr. Austin McDonald an old and esteemed resident of Moose Jaw, died on Wednesday week from pneumonia. The deceased had only been married five weeks.

—The Bassey and Bell farms at Indian Head are now thrown open for purchase and settlement in small holdings, whereat the citizens of the town and country generally are well pleased.

—The Nor-West Farmer is out with a handsome inducement to subscribers, giving away to each as a premium Gleason's horse book. This book should be in the hands of every person handling horses.

—P. Pearson Bargman of the C. P. R. bridge department, went down in the C. P. R. well at Virden sometime in the forenoon of Dec 21, to measure the depth of water. When the section men came in at noon they found his clothes in the tank and a search being made he was found at the bottom of the well dead.

—The Winnipeg Tribune premium for 1897 reached us last week. It is a fine picture, entitled "The Liberal Cabinet of Canada for 1896." This picture has been prepared with great pains and at great expense and is the exclusive property of the Tribune. Persons possessing the picture "Fathers of Confederation," could shed a few years ago by the Tribune, will find in this a splendid companion picture, marking as they each do an epoch in the history of Canada.

—Our thanks are due to Edward L. Drewry, the famous Winnipeg brewer, for a very handsome calendar for 1897. The picture at the top of the calendar is entitled "Canadian Fruit," and looks very tempting.

—Springbrook school opens early in January, and is to be run in future, we understand, as a yearly school. Mr. Nelson, formerly teacher at Wapella, has been engaged and arrived yesterday morning.

—The Church of England Sunday school entertainment takes place this evening. Tea for the children will be served between 5 and 6 o'clock, after which a programme will be presented and the presents from the tree given out.

—Bert Sylvester, of the Massey-Harris, has been transferred to Indian Head. Mr. Sylvester will be greatly missed in Regina as he was one of the leading spirits of sports generally. On the eve of his departure he was entertained by the hockey club.—Standard.

—The Winnipeg board of trade have called a business men's convention to be held in that city on Thursday, Feb 4 & 1 97. Special passenger rates have been secured. All information will be supplied on application to the secretary Mr. C. N. Bell, or any of the committee.

—The Christmas number of the Colonist is a very handsome affair indeed and will be found just the thing to send friends as a remembrance. It is nicely illustrated and contains well written articles on "Our Winter Sports," "Mining," and other subjects, besides presenting a story entitled "Brought to Bay in Winnipeg."

—A very pleasant coincidence happened last Sunday in St. John's church. Early in the morning it was discovered that a kind friend of the church had placed a very beautiful pulpit lamp in position, unknown to anyone. On that morning by a curious and undesigned coincidence the text selected was: "I have prepared a lamp for mine anointed."—Moose Jaw Times

—The scholars of Knox church Sunday school were given a tea and entertainment in the town hall last evening, at which some 60 children were present and enjoyed themselves. At the conclusion of the tea, a short programme of music, recitation and song was gone through, and the children presented with sweets, nuts, etc., the entertainment breaking up about 8 o'clock.

—Miss Kate Billings became Mrs. John Stewart on Tuesday last, making one more benedict in Springbrook. Miss Billings has been a resident of the Fort for several years and has hosts of friends who will all join in wishing her and her husband every happiness. The "best man" on this occasion goes, we hear, to Ontario shortly for a visit, and we hope will find the experience he has just had, useful.—Vidette.

—We wish to call attention to the advertisement in another column of Mr. W. R. Harvey, who has the agency in this district for the Queen top draught heating stove. We have lately been shown one of these stoves in operation in Mr. H. Gisborne's office, and from what we saw we feel safe in saying it is "the" stove for the Northwest or anywhere else. It is so constructed that it will burn anything and give the greatest amount of heat from the smallest amount of fuel, which is a great desideratum. There is no danger of fire or ashes dropping on the floor, and you can retire at night feeling perfectly safe.


Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.


**A Chance to Make Money.**

I have made $1,040 clear money in 87 days and attended to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendid for a woman inexperienced in business. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass at all; people come or send for the washer, and every washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure that I can clear $5,000 a year. My sister and brother have started in to do as well and are doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and handsome outfit by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., and if you don't make lots of money it's your own fault. MRS. W. H.

—The Prince Albert Advocate records the death of Mr. John McCauley, which occurred on Dec. 18 at 9.30 p.m., in the sixty-second year of his age. Mr. McCauley was an old Hudson Bay Co.'s chief trader, retiring a few years ago and settling down at his late residence at Willoughby. Deceased leaves a wife and grown up family, and a large circle of friends and relations to mourn his loss.

## CHRISTMAS, 1896.

Christmas day 1896, passed very quietly in Qu'Appelle, owing no doubt to so many being out of town eating their Christmas dinner with the old folks at home in the east or across the pond. This was made possible by the large am unt of No. 1 hard raised in the district this year and the good prices realized, so that those who were able took advantage of the holiday rates over the C. P. R. Those who remained behind enjoyed the day sleighing, skating, attending church, and staying at home with the youngsters listening to and taking part with them in the racket caused by Santa Claus' gifts of toys, whistles, drums and trumpets. The Leland hotel gave an elegant spread to its boarders and patrons, and mine host Love and his able assistants came in for far more than praise for the excellent dinner provided. It was one of the best ever prepared in Qu'Appelle, as the guests with Christmas appetites all testify. Following is the bill of fare;

SOUP.
Oyster Cream of Oysters.
FISH.
Broiled Canada Salmon, with Cream and Shrimp Caper Sauce.
BOILED
Sirloin Cured Ham Ox Tongue, with Pickled Cauliflower. Pickled Pork with Sour Kraut. Domestic Chicken, with Bread Sauce.
ENTREES.
Scalloped Oysters. Timbale of Maccaroni (Italian style.)
Sweetbreads of Lamb, with Cream Sauce.
ROASTS.
Mallard Duck, with Grape Jelly. Prairie Chicken, with Black Currant Jelly.
ROAST.
Sirloin of Beef, with Yorkshire Pudding. Lamb, with Mint Sauce. Young Turkey, with Cranberry Sauce.
Goose, with Apple Sauce. Stuffed Domestic Duck.
SALADS.
Chicken Salad and Lobster Salad.
RELISHES
White Onions. Chow Chow. Mixed Pickles. Tomato Catsup. Worcester Sauce. Anchovy.
VEGETABLES.
Mashed and Boiled Potatoes. French Peas. Sweet Corn. Tomatoes.
PASTRY AND GOODIES.
Hot Mince, Apple and Lemon Pie. English Plum Pudding, with Flaming Brandy Sauce. Black Currant and Strawberry Tart.
JELLIES AND CAKE MS.
Port Wine Jelly. Brandy Jelly. Sherry Wine Jelly. Rum Ice Cream. Lemon Sherbet.
CAKES
Xmas Cake. Layer Peanut Cake. Cocoanut Sponge Cake. Sugar Cookies. Doughnuts.
DESSERTS.
Apples, Oranges, Nuts, Candies and Layer Raisins. Black Tea. Green Tea. Coffee. Iced Milk. Pure Spring Water.


**Rubbing It In.**

Never use a liniment for rheumatism, says a high medical authority. Don't rub it in—drive it out. Take something that removes the acid poison from the blood—take something that will improve your digestion, and build up the body to the perfection of robust health. That's what hood's Sarsaparilla, a remedy that obtains the best results in the shortest time. $1, all druggists.


**Indian Head Items.**

On Christmas day a goodly number of bachelors and ladies and denominations assembled at the Bachelors' Home, when an excellent dinner was prepared by the genial proprietor. After partaking of the good things of the table so freely provided, all departed feeling that they had spent a very pleasant evening.

Christmas day passed off very quietly here. The union Sunday schools held their annual Christmas tree entertainment in the town hall, and had a large attendance. It was very plainly to be seen that the children enjoyed themselves very much. When through with the first part of the programme a very interesting event took place, when Miss Stewart, teacher of the junior class of the public school, was presented with a very handsome present from her pupils. The address was given by Rev. A. Robson, Miss Stewart responded in such a way as to show that she would never forget the kindness shown to her by her pupils, and by wishing them a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. Rev. A. Robson was then called upon to discribute the presents to the lucky ones.

Mr. J. Phillips has commenced the erection of his new blacksmith shop, which when complete will be one of the best in town. It will front on Grant Avenue, and he intends having a wood shop upstairs. A good chance for a carriage maker.

Mr. Geo. Gamble, Sr., an old resident of Indian Head, now of Regina, was in town last week renewing old acquaintances. He were all glad to see him.

We understand that Mr. Adam Hastings has sold his former Rice Plum to Mr. C. Powell for $3 300.

Still another—Mr. T. Livingstone has sold his farm 4 W. de Wade Weeks to Mr. Hub, of Wade Weeks, for $2,500.

The Qu'Appelle Progress was somewhat larger than usual last week, and was gladly received by its many readers. The Progress is a paper that every one should take.

F. Clifford, our genial photographer, has been very busy of late.

Mr. John Good of Sunny South, left on Thursday for the east on a visit. Geo. Ferguson, W. Stephens and C. D. Dickinson also left on the same day.

Mr. W. Douglas and family intend leaving shortly for Oregon, U.S.A., on a visit.


**A FORTY-YEAR OLD GRIEVANCE REMOVED.**

In Bath, Ont., Chas. Kidner, Liver Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph Gardiner of this town, suffered for 40 years with indigestion, and its very persistent accompaniments—constipation and headaches. K. & B. Pills are the only remedy that gave him relief. 25c a box, of all druggists. Ours is a choice


**A Wife Equal to a Lord Mayor.**

Will some of your readers give me a good receipt for making cold starch? I am selling self-heating flat irons and am at it at every house and have to make some starch every place and what I know now to make a good cold starch. My husband was in debt, and I being next to help him, thought I would sell a few irons, and I am doing splendidly. A certain saving of fuel will heat the irons for three hours so you have no perfect excuse now. You can iron in half the time and no danger of scorching the clothes as with the old iron, and you can get the most beautiful gloss. I sell at nearly every house, as the iron saves a person five cents every time I use one. I make $4.50 on each iron and have not so less than any day I work. My brother is doing well, and I think any one can make lots of money anywhere selling irons. J. F. CASEY & CO., St. Louis, Mo., will start anyone in the business they obliging, if you will address them as above.

**Methodist S. S. Entertainment.**

Christmas being such a fine, delightful day, it was only natural to expect that the Methodist Xmas tree entertainment in the evening would be well attended, and in this respect the promoters were certainly not disappointed, the large hall being filled to the door and standing room almost at a premium.

The hall was suitably decorated with mottoes, etc., for the occasion, and the candelabra very beautiful on—was extremely well rendered by the children and others who took part. Santa Claus and several of the character sketches and choruses being especially good.

A very interesting interruption to the cantata was the occasion of the presentation, on behalf of the Sunday school, to Mr. J. R. Brown, the superintendent, of an address and valuable silver cake basket.

At the close of the cantata, Santa Claus, amid much hilarity and rejoicing among the juveniles, distributed the present, with which the tree was literally loaded down.


WHAT A WOMAN DID.

Last week I cleared, after paying all expenses, $155.85, the week previous, $260, and have at the same time attended to other duties. I believe any energetic person can do equally as well, as I have had very little experience. The Dish Washer is just lovely and every family wants one. I am making selling very easy. I have no canvassing. People hear about the Dish Washer and come or send for one. I have cancelled a good, cheap Dish Washer that never before been put on the market. Any Model Dish Washer fills the bill. With it you can wash and dry the dishes for a family of ten in two minutes, without wetting your hands. As soon as people see the Washer work they want one. You can make more money and make it quicker than with any household article on the market. I feel convinced that any lady or gentleman can make from $4 to $10 per day in a home. You can get full particulars by addressing the MOUND CITY DISH WASHER CO., St. Louis, Mo. If you go to get started, then you can make money fast.

Every invalid should take Hagyard's Yerbine Compound. It is a blood maker and health giver. If you are weak or run down, try it.

Dear Sirs:—It is with pleasure I can recommend Hagyard's Yerbine Compound as a blood purifier and tonic. I have used it in my establishment, and can say that it has given the best satisfaction. I have also used it in my family, and have found it a most excellent medicine for the blood. Other medicines I have taken have only relieved me for a time, but Yerbine has cured me. I have also given it to my children, and have found it most beneficial. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and have always had reason to be glad that I gave them such good advice. Yours truly,
E. Perryman.
Dry Goods Merchant,
360 Yonge St., Toronto.

OFFICIAL CARD. WASHBURN'S GUIDE, 5c


**How the Dipper Saved the Farm.**

Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due, I saw in the Christian Advocate where Miss A. M. Fritz of Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would send a sample combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit jar lifter, a potato dipper, a fine strainer, a funnel, a strainer funnel, a sick room warming pan and a pint measure. These eight different uses make the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at every new house, and in four months I paid off the mortgage. I think I can clear as much as $2 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps—write at once.

JOHN G. N.


# For the Holidays

*I have lately opened out a splendid stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing, Furs, Crockery, Glassware, Hardware, Etc., which cannot be surpassed and which I am selling cheap for cash. Many of these goods will be found most suitable for holiday presents. Agent for the celebrated Health Brand Underwear. Call early and make your selections.*

J. P. BEAUCHAMP.

*Qu'Appelle Station, Assa.*

The Queen Of Top Draught Heating Stoves

*The Most Powerful Heating Stove on Earth.*

Saves 25 to 50 Per Cent. Fuel.

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Will positively keep a slow burning fire 48 hours by putting in one large stick.

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WALTER ROWE HARVEY.
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Takes the place of a length of either five or six inch pipe on your stove; saves 40 per cent. of wood or coal. Can be placed either up or down stairs, wherever you want it.

Cold houses made warm. Saves its price in a very short time.

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A. H. B. SPERLING, Local Agent.

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The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is

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a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., Proprietors, Montreal.


**MARRIAGES.**

SCOTT—MAGRATH—On the 23rd Dec., at the residence of Mrs. Holmes, Strathcarrol, by the Rev. W. C. Bunt, Mr. Alex. Scott, to Miss Marietta Magrath. All of Edgeley.

POLLOCK—BOOTH—On the 23rd Dec., at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. W. C. Bunt, Mr. Jas. Pollock, Wolseley, to Miss Jemima Jane Booth, of Edgeley.

MCARA—CRAIG—On the 30th Dec., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Joseph H. Craig, by Rev. W. C. Bunt, Mr. John D. McAra, of Grenfell, to Miss Annie Craig, of Edgeley.


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A MESSAGE TO MEN.

Proving that true honesty and true philanthropy still exist.

If any man who is weak, nervous or debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him a valuable (sealed) book containing full particulars, by which I was cured, after being robbed by quacks of nearly $300, and which will enable him to perfect health and manhood, after many years of suffering from Nervous Debility, Loss of Vigor and Organic Weakness.

I have no object in this, but regard my work as my reward, for I know from my own experience how to sympathize with sufferers, and I am glad to be able to assist my fellow beings to a new life. I am aware of the prevalence of quacks, for I myself was deceived and robbed, and I have since learned not to have faith in mankind, but I feel sure to say that I am now perfectly well and ready once more and am desirous therefore to make this certain means of cure known to all. If you will write to me you may rest assured that I will not trouble you with letters, unless you desire me to do so, but will be glad to give you any information in my power, and will be well repaid for my trouble if you will benefit from what I have learned. Please address me, enclosing stamp to cover postage and address, Mr. George H. Strong, North Rockwood, Ont.

Merry Christmas.

I see in your paper that a lady realized her made $1.25 the first time she worked using the Perfection Metal Tip Lacquer. I ordered a sample and went to work and the first week I cleared $10, the second week I cleared $15. I expect to run up to $25 a week. In the near future, as the Perfection Metal Tip Lacquer makes such a beautiful white light and does away with the chimneys and bad odor and smoke, it is easy to sell. If you wish to try it send 13 2-cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, station A, St. Louis, Mo., and she will send you a sample outfit. This is a good way to make money around home. MRS. EVA W.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN WASHBURN'S GUIDE